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MY FRIEND'S MARRIAGE.

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CAN the heart, which has once poured out the wealth of its young affections, gather up its broken tendrils and teach them to twine around a new object, after they have been rent by sorrow or fickleness from their first support? The answer is obvious. Instances of a transfer of affections are presented before us continually. If the life is not extinct—if the heart is not utterly crushed by the first uprooting of its hopes, will it not shoot forth the same tendencies again, even as the young vine, when crushed and trodden to the earth for a season, will bud and grow in a new spring, clinging around another trunk and spreading its invigorating foliage over other boughs than those that flung it off to perish? Men, and women also, do love again and again. A second—nay, a third object may be beloved with a deeper, more enduring, and more reasonable attachment than the first; but not *as* the first. The radiance youth flings around its earliest sensations is as the down on the summer peach—if once brushed off never to be renewed;—it is a dream—a beautiful vision—born in sunshine and flowers—fed in experience, and after blighted by its own friction. Nay—I much doubt whether the human heart is capable of its steadiest, holiest attachments, until the soul has been chastened and the mind matured for their reception.

My friend, Mary Bell, has led me into the above learned theory, inasmuch as I wish to find some excuse for her, in the eyes of my romantic young readers, for not going crazy or breaking her heart after the marriage of Edmund Stone. (If the reader was a subscriber for the first volume of the Portland Magazine he or she is conversant with the history of the aforesaid Edmund Stone and Mary Bell; if not, he deserves to go on in ignorance to the end of the chapter.) Poor Mary—her heart was *almost* broken; and furthermore—to her exculpation be it spoken—one morning, on unfolding a bit of crumpled paper, which I had profanely been using as a papillote, I discovered '*parted and broken hearted,*' rhyming in suspicious proximity at

the end of what had evidently been two lines of pathetic poetry, written out in my friend's pretty Italian chirography. But this was all the evidence I ever could collect in favor of her despair; for after a few weeks of nervousness and low spirits, during which the tears would start to her eyes at the tones of a melancholy song, or while gazing on a golden sunset, she became contented and cheerful, though her former brilliant gaiety was apparent only at intervals.

We spent the winter at home and returned to town for our spring term. Col. M., a friend of my father, had consented to receive us into his family as boarders, an arrangement which gave us much pleasure, as we thereby secured the society of our young friend Maria M., became mistresses of our own time after school hours, and were relieved from the mouldy bread and salt mackerel—inspected one hundred for aught I know—which garnished the table of Mrs. —. Nothing could have been more agreeable than the succeeding three months of our residence in New Haven. Besides all the luxuries which usually surround the habitation of a wealthy gentleman, Col. M.'s stable boasted four of the finest horses in the city, and as he was a man of leisure, and uncommonly indulgent to 'young people,' it may be supposed that they were in pretty constant requisition; indeed, there was scarce a day passed in which we did not take a ride, or drive to some of the delightful haunts which surround the town.

Col. M. was a man whose feelings were always young, and who never was so happy as when surrounded by a group of laughing girls. He could refuse us no enjoyment so long as he was to partake of it with us. Neither Mrs. M. nor her daughter rode on horse-back, and as the Col. was an indefatigable equestrian, he naturally became our companion in our excursions.

The first morning on which a ride was proposed was one of those glorious dawns which make the earth so beautiful, that it might seem in its loveliness to rival the bowers of paradise. The dewy leaves were trembling in the light, and the lilack trees around the house shook off a load of balm at every breath of the morning air. Black Tom stood at the door with two superb horses caparisoned for our use. Col. M. was walking impatiently up and down the hall, anxious for the appearance of his friend, who was to join us, and Mary had full time to indulge in the timidity to which her fall on the banks of the Housatonic had given rise, and which the spirited little horses, with their glossy coats, arched necks and jetty eyes were by no means calculated to allay.

'There he comes,' exclaimed the Colonel, seizing his whip and stepping out upon the pavement as the sound of an approaching horse struck his ear, 'come, young ladies, let us be off.'

'See how I tremble,' whispered Mary, putting her hand in mine, 'I shall never get courage to mount that fiery horse,' and she cast a timid glance at the beautiful animal which stood champing his bit and pawing up the earth with his delicate hoof.

'Shall I assist you to mount?' said a deep rich voice at her elbow.

She started, blushed deeply, and before she had recovered her confusion sufficiently to answer, was lifted carefully to the saddle, and found herself galloping with perfect safety by the side of her new acquaintance. In less

than five minutes our horses were trampling down the dandelions and violets, which studded the grass on either side of the East Haven road, as if they had been pebble stones, as we cantered on, exhilarated by the blossoming orchards which loaded the air with a delicious fragrance, and excited to an enthusiasm of admiration by the delicate tinting of the clouds as they melted into the glory of a gorgeous sunrise.

'You were exceedingly polite to my friend,' said Col. M. reining his horse close to mine, and addressing me in a tone of offended dignity.

I looked up in astonishment. He smiled constrainedly.

'Is it your custom in the country to return no sign of acknowledgement on receiving an introduction?'

'Indeed, Sir,' said I with some warmth, for I was touched with his allusion to the country, 'Indeed, Sir, I am unconscious of having received an introduction this morning. If you speak of the gentleman before us, I am at this moment ignorant of his name.'

'I repeated it twice in your presence, and you kept your face resolutely turned away,' he replied.

'Excuse me, Sir,—I remember now, that when you advanced with the stranger I was trying to re-assure Mary about her horse—she had a fall the last time we rode together, and—but pray, Sir, may I inquire who the gentleman is now?'

'His name is Bradley.'

'What is his profession?—is he married or single?—rich or poor?—what is his age and where does he live?'

'Stop—stop—stop!—I will answer this list of questions, and then you can get up another,' replied he laughing. 'Well, to begin, he is a retired lawyer—is not married, nor ever was—is rich as a Jew, and lives at the Tontine; as to his age, I suppose it to be about mine.'

'And how old may that be?' I inquired a little maliciously;—ah, I can tell—you were twenty-three when Maria was born, and she is just seventeen;—add that to that, and—'

The colonel's horse just at that moment began to curvet and plunge furiously, and his master was so occupied in conquering him, that somehow my calculation was lost.

Mary and her companion were in advance, and happening to look back, turned and walked their horses towards us. For the first time I had an opportunity of observing Mr. Bradley. As Col. M. had informed me, he probably was about forty, large and finely proportioned, with the air and dignity of carriage which might have befitted a monarch. His dark hair was slightly touched with silver, his forehead high and white, which, joined to eyes of a depth of color and expression uncommon and almost imposing in its effect, made him one of the most striking persons I had ever beheld. These were the observations of a moment; other opportunities soon gave me an insight into his character. His manner was the perfection of good breeding, blending suavity and dignity in such equal proportions, that one was almost as much awed as charmed in his society. In him there was no attempt at effect—no ostentation. His conversational powers, which were remarkable alike for strength of thought and brilliancy of expression, seemed

to arise from a spontaneous action with the minds of others, rather than from an exertion of his own. I never heard him laugh, and he seldom smiled ; but when he did the effect was magical. It was like the sudden sparkle of waters in a pleasant place—like music breaking up from the soul and imbuing the features with new life and beauty. Yet, with all his powers of pleasing, there was something which prevented perfect familiarity. He was so correct in manner, dress and speech—so attentive to the minutest forms of etiquette—that one felt a restraint in his company—a constant fear of transgressing some of the trifling forms which he never omitted. Pride was his predominating characteristic, the pride of a strong intellect and thorough self-esteem, unadulterated by that vanity which little men baptise pride, and glory in.

After our introduction to Mr. Bradley, there was scarcely a day that we did not see him. We could get no companion half so dignified and proper for our rides, no one who had such admiration for the beautiful in nature, who knew and loved every plant and flower we trod upon in our walks, or could draw our attention to the changing folds of a sunset cloud with so perfect an eye for coloring. Did we choose to work, no one but Mr. Bradley could select the exact book which harmonized with our existing feelings, or could read it to us with that deep, rich modulation of voice, which fell on the ear like the varying tones of a fine instrument. His brilliant intellectual endowments seemed to radiate and lend a portion of their brightness to all surrounding objects ; our literary taste was improved, our ideas were exalted, and our life made more rational and happy by a companionship with him.

At first Mary was afraid of our new acquaintance, and would shrink away to her room, or to some retired nook in the garden, whenever he made his appearance ; but by degrees she became accustomed to his lordly ways, as she called them, and would occasionally join him in conversation, with a shy kind of constraint, which, instead of rendering her manners awkward, gave them a graceful timidity, more becoming, perhaps, than her former unrestrained mirthfulness. As his intercourse with the family became more and more frequent, this increasing influence over her mind was still more clearly apparent. She would accept his assistance in her studies, and pursued them with an avidity which she had never evinced before. She seldom took up a book unless he had recommended it, and frequently appealed to his expressed opinions long after they were forgotten by all except herself. Mary's feelings were quick and susceptible of sudden impressions. Her acquaintance with Mr. Bradley was still in its infancy, and yet her lessons soon remained untouched, unless he was there to explain them ; and if, by any chance, he came late she was restless and low spirited, opening and closing her books, listlessly walking to and from the window, and never recovered her cheerfulness till she heard his step in the hall. Then with the rich blood rushing to her cheek, she would shake her curls forward to hide the crowd of dimpling smiles that swarmed around her pretty mouth, and bent over her book as if deeply absorbed in the task she had scarcely looked upon before.

After a time, there was an almost imperceptible change in Mr. Bradley's manner. He was possessed of too much genuine politeness to single out any one object for his exclusive attention ; but there was a tone in his voice, a

degree of *empressement* in his manner, when addressing Mary, which convinced me that she was his principal attraction to the house. But when I hinted as much to Mrs. M. she only laughed at my suspicions, and said that he was a confirmed bachelor, was not a marrying man, and that it was absolute folly to think of fancying Mary, a mere child, even if she were foolish enough to fall in love with a man old enough to be her father.

'But, madam,' said I somewhat pettishly, I fear, for Mary was only a few months younger than myself, and it was very disagreeable to be thought a child at seventeen, 'I did not say a word about marriage, and all that—I only asserted that Mr. Bradley liked Mary better than Maria, or—'

'Very natural,' replied Mrs. M. coolly interrupting me, 'very natural, she is handsome and more engaging than either of you—but—'

The beginning of her sentence was so pleasant I concluded to dispense with the remainder; so, as Pink, her favorite dog, chanced to lie before me in a comfortable doze, I *accidentally* put out my foot, and trod on the two white paws, which, with a sharp little nose poking out between them, lay quite convenient on the carpet. Pink—the suspicious, unforgiving cur—yelped, and limped off to the chair of his mistress, stood snarling as spitefully, as if I had intended to hurt him, poor dear. Mrs. M. reddened—I apologized, protested and ran into the garden.

When we had been about six weeks at Col. M's. an excursion was planned to the East Rock, a precipitous fragment, which, when seen from the harbor, forms a broken and picturesque background to the town. It was one of those quiet summer days, which soften without enervating the feelings.—Every thing seemed instinct with beauty and repose. Light fleecy clouds floated lazily over the sky, now revealing the sun in its splendor, then wreathing their silvery folds over its face, mellowing its brightness and bathing the earth with transparent shadows, ethereal and heavenly in their effect on the landscape. We had a delightful party, consisting of our own family group and Mr. Bradley, who drove off with Maria M. in his chaise, and was followed by the Colonel, with Miss Bell and myself in the phaeton. Black Tom brought up the rear with all the essentials for a comfortable pic-nic in the 'Seat of Happiness.' Our horses cleared the ground like a brace of rein deer, and it was not till ten minutes before we drew up in the shadow of a beautiful pine grove, which bears the above enviable title, but which, from the broken champagne bottles and fragments of cut glass glistening around the roots of the trees, might have been more appropriately denominated the Seat of Bacchus; for it appeared to be very certain, that the jolly god came in for his full share of honors, whenever a military company, or a troop of students, made their dinner in the 'Seat of Happiness,' a circumstance which had occurred the week previous to our visit.

The lower branches of the pines had been cut away, so as to admit of a free circulation of air beneath the green canopy under which we wandered, refreshed by the breeze and listening to the melody of a deep tranquil river, which swept round the skirts of the grove, and run murmuringly through the meadows sloping from the foot of the precipice we were about to visit. After selecting a cool nook for our repast, we left our horses in charge with Black Tom and proceeded on our excursion up the rock.

We followed the foot path which intersected a luxuriant meadow, one after another, like Indians treading a war track, though we were occasionally tempted from our course by the gleam of a bunch of strawberries—by the glorious lilies which rose in profusion about us, with their mottled cups glowing in the sun, as if each golden bell had been dropped with rubies—or by the wild honey suckles, which empurpled the whole surface with their honied flowers.

At length we reached the summit of the rock with our hands full of flowers, our hair sadly out of curl, and our thin shoes much the worse from their toil along the rocky zigzag path, which wound up the back of the precipice; while the gentlemen were absolutely loaded down with the shawls, reticules and parasols, with which we had foolishly encumbered ourselves at the outset. It was transcendent—that beautiful landscape stretching away at our feet in its luxuriance and loveliness.

The soft blue line of Long Island stretching along the horizon—the beautiful Sound dividing it from the main land, with its broad waters studded with snowy sails, which gleamed in the sun like palaces of moving silver—the plain, undulating away on either hand, dotted with country seats and clumps of trees, with lazy cattle ruminating in their shade—the meadow at the foot of the precipice, with its green bosom cleft by that stream, tranquilly catching the shadow of the pine grove and sweeping the long grass on its current like a silken fringe, as it pursued its winding course to the Sound—the town standing on the curving sweep of the harbor, its white houses embedded in foliage and its cupolas and steeples rising up as if from the centre of a garden—all lay slumbering beneath us, so calm and heavenly, that it seemed as if with one leap we could spring into the very heart of paradise. To most of us the scene brought a feeling of satisfied and tranquil pleasure. To Mary Bell it brought an exhilaration of spirits, enthusiastic and almost wild in their exhibition. She threw off her bonnet and ran from one point of observation to another, uttering broken expressions of delight, and with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks appealed to us for sympathy in her high wrought admiration. At length she sprang lightly from the shelf of rock on which we sat, and running to the brink of the precipice, cast over the flowers she had gathered, and leaning forward with childlike eagerness, watched their descent to the meadow. With a simultaneous feeling of terror we warned her of her danger and entreated her to return; but she only laughed at our fears, and playfully darted to a rock, where we had left a pile of golden lilies, she seized them, and again running to the verge of the precipice began to shower them, handful after handful, down the steep. After the first exclamation of 'Miss Bell—I beg—I entreat—I implore you to return,' Mr. Bradley had drawn back, and remained watching her in stern and displeased silence, though there was a paleness about his mouth and a quivering in his eyes whenever her foot touched the edge of the precipice, which told that it was with painful restraint he prevented himself from rushing forward and forcing her from her dangerous position. Col. M. commanded, and Maria and myself entreated her, even with tears, to desist; but she only laughed like a wayward child, called us cowards and threw a handful of the flowers at us, looking all the while so lovely, with her hair wantoning in the

wind, her flushed cheeks, sparkling eyes and half open mouth, that one almost forgot her obstinacy and danger, in admiration of her brilliant beauty. At length she scattered her last handful of flowers, and, as if proud of her darling, bent half over the dizzy height, with the tip of one little foot just touching the extreme edge, as if about to spring forward, and her laugh rung out like the melody of a bird.

'Oh beautiful, beautiful!' she exclaimed, bending still more forward, 'they look like a cloud of great yellow butterflies hovering over the meadow—Maria—Sarah—do come and see—'

Mr. Bradley could bear the sight no longer. He stepped hastily forward as if to force her away, exclaiming with sudden energy, 'Miss Bell, you shall not trifle with your life in this way—I insist—I command—'

She gave a sudden start—one flash of golden sunlight on her long brown hair—one glimpse of her arm as it was thrown wildly upward—and that was all.

With a burst of stifled horror, half a cry and half a groan, we sprang to our feet and stood motionless as blocks of hewn marble. Not a white lip moved—not a hand stirred—we stood listening for some sound as if stricken with a death-blow. It came—a loud sharp cry pierced us like a keen knife, and all was still again. A cold shudder crept through our hearts, and a simultaneous breath was drawn; then Mr. Bradley stepped slowly and deliberately to the brink of the steep and looked over. The blood came in a flush to his marble lips, and rushing back to where our shawls were lying, he snatched one up and began to rend it into broad strips. There was hope in his look. Maria and I sprang eagerly to the brink of the precipice. She was there alive—our own darling Mary—clinging to a bush not more than fifteen feet below us. But, oh!—her position was terrible—hanging more than two hundred feet from the ground, with nothing but the stem of a thorn to support her—with no object to press her feet against but the rough edge of a perpendicular rock. On the broad front of that bold precipice there was no shrub or bush, save that one thorn rooted into the face of the cliff. From below it seemed nothing more than a tuft of fern; but it was in reality stronger and larger than it appeared, though we could see it bend and crack as each motion threw the weight of her body more directly upon it. At any other time our heads would have reeled on the dizzy height, but then we had no fear but for our poor friend. Oh!—our feelings were dreadful. We could see the shuddering of her frame and the more convulsive grasp of her white fingers round the rough stem, as she felt it yielding to her weight. I saw that the root was firm, and that the stem, though the bark was breaking and exposing the bare wood, might sustain her sometime longer. I strove to call out and encourage her, but my voice refused its office, and I could neither articulate a sound nor remove my eyes from her fearful position; though as each shawl was hastily rent my heart leaped with new hope. After a moment of fearful anxiety, I felt that Mr. Bradley and Col. M. were by my side, and with a thrill of joy I saw the massive and knotted rope of twisted merinos, with a loop firmly tied at the extremity, lowered to my poor friend. A moment more and the thorn would have given way. It was a time of intense anxiety. No word was spoken, except when Mr. Bradley, in a voice

he vainly strove to render firm, directed her to secure herself by the rope. I saw the little foot removed from the rough face of the rock, and secured in the loop. Withdrawing her hands from the splintered thorn, she seized the rope with the grasp of a maniac. Mr. Bradley, in his eagerness to save her from the awful destruction which awaited her, proceeded with greater rashness than prudence in cooler moments, would have dictated. At the moment he perceived that she had grasped the rope, with a strong effort, he brought her to the brink of the precipice.

There was a strange mixture of weeping and hysterical joy over the poor girl, as Mr. Bradley bore her back from the brink of the precipice, swiftly, as if he had been followed by a wild beast. He laid her on a plat of moss, knelt beside her, and without noticing our presence, broke into a torrent of self upbraiding, mingled with epithets of endearment and exclamations of affection which bespoke deep interest in the sufferer, and astonished every one present.

'Can nothing be done!' he exclaimed, almost wildly, turning to us, and then, without waiting for an answer, he began to chafe her cold hands and entreat her by every endearing title to look upon him and forgive his rashness—to tell him that she did not hate him for his brutal violence, for thus he stigmatized his laudable exertions to save a wilful girl from death. In short, that haughty reserved man, probably for the first time in his life, had from terror laid his heart bare, and with it the love he cherished for my insensible friend. But was she insensible? Probably not—for as he spoke, a soft color came to her lips. There was a tremulous motion in the silken lashes on her cheek, and two or three tears stole out from under them in rapid succession.

When she opened her eyes, there was an expression in their dark blue depths which brought that smile, which was the peculiar beauty of Mr. Bradley's features, flashing like a sudden sunshine over his face.

He bent his head. 'Can you, will you forgive my rudeness?' he whispered in a voice thrilling with anxiety.

I saw the little fingers in his, return his clasp. Just then Mr. Bradley happening to raise his head met Col. M's. look of comic astonishment. The blood rushed to his face, and dropping Mary's hand he walked away a few paces with the air of a man who has been making a fool of himself, and is just becoming sensible of the fact. * * * * *

Two months after our visit to the East Rock, I was sitting by one of the front windows in my father's house, occupied by the most unsentimental employment of mending a coat for my father; I know that it is vain and foolish to boast of one's accomplishments, but really I *can* mend a coat. Well—just as I was putting the finishing stitch into an ugly rent, Mr. Johnson passed up the road, covered with a snowy coating of flour-dust, and looking exactly as if he had been newly white-washed from head to foot. At that moment a chaise drove by, and the occupant bent forward to inquire the way to Mrs. Bell's residence. A large lilac-bush hid his person from me, but I knew the noble chesnut horse, and could not be mistaken in the voice—it was Mr. Bradley.

'The widder Bell, I spose you mean,' said Mr. Johnson, patting the glossy

sides of the horse and eyeing the rich studs on the harness—'This is a charming critter of your'n.—Do you call them 'are raal silver mountings?—plated I rather guess, an't they?'

The traveller replied that he believed them to be silver, and was about to repeat his request for a direction to Mrs. Bell's house, when Mr. Johnson interrupted him.

'How far may you have been travelling to-day, if I may be so bold?'

'About twenty-five miles, but—'

'From the sea-board I spose—hant come from New Haven, have you—'

'Yes—but, sir, I—'

'Oh, I am acquainted in New Haven—you know Col. M.—wal, I'm purty intimate with him—I always put up there when I take the old woman down to the salt water—a purty clever chap, that are colonel—don't you agree with me?'

'Certainly, Sir, but I must again request—'

'I say, mister, if it an't too bold, may I ask what's your business with widder Bell?' inquired Mr. Johnson in the cajoling voice which he used to convince his customers, that three pints of grain, when taken as toll, amounted to no more than an exact quart.

'That *would* be rather *too* bold,' replied the traveller, and gathering up his reins he drove on.

'These city fellers are always a tarnal huffy set o' chaps,' muttered Mr. Johnson—'but I say, mister, you an't going right—you must drive up by the minister's and round by Majer Parce's, and then turn down the lane—'

Here the voice of Mr. Johnson broke off into low muttering grumbles; but I had heard enough to be certain, that old Mother Bell would have some serious questions put to her before another sunrise. I was right in my conjecture. My friend was published on the next Sabbath.

Well, the wedding day arrived at last, and a beautiful day it was, full of balm and sunshine, with a soft breeze wantoning over the meadows and whispering along the river's brink, like a spirit of good. About ten in the morning a carriage, one of Brewster's best, came sweeping up the road, drawn by four superb greys, and within seated in solitary grandeur, was the bachelor candidate for matrimony. Oh, what a commotion was in our village, as it passed. Old women and young women, with a handsome complement of children, crowded to the doors and windows, as eagerly as if a militia company had been parading in the street. The young girls exclaimed 'How beautiful!'—the old women held up their hands and wondered what this world was coming to—while none ventured an open disapprobation, except the milliner. She stumbled over a bonnet-block, and turning as red as a piony—but whether from envy, or the reflection of her poppy-colored ringlets, is uncertain—ran to the window, exclaiming—

'What a scandalous shame for young girls—mere babies—to sell themselves to old men for such trumpery'—it quite shocked her—indeed it did—such mercenary creatures!—well; thank heaven, *she* could never be 'bought in that manner.

The day wore on—Col. M. with his family arrived, and Maria and myself were closeted with the bride in Mrs. Bell's best chamber. The muslin cur-

tains were down, and every thing bespoke the change which was about to take place in the family. Here a white riband fell over the back of a chair, while a silken slipper gleamed on the carpet beneath. The bed was covered with dresses of snowy satin, belts, handkerchiefs, gloves and flowers—a mass of bridal finery. Before a dressing table laden down with perfumes, pin-cushions, papillottes, combs and half-open jewel-boxes, crowded together in careless confusion, sat the bride, blushing and looking as beautiful as an angel. Maria knelt before her, lacing the snowy slipper over her delicate ancle, while I, her oldest friend, was half crying, as I twisted her glossy ringlets round my fingers and dropped them, one after another, over her damask cheek. With trembling hands I clasped the string of pearls over a neck as white and smooth as themselves, and fastened the wreath of orange blossoms round her exquisitely-formed head. A few moments and all was ready—the last fold smoothed—the last kiss given. Our hearts were full and we should have wept, but that swollen eyes were so unbecoming—besides, not being altogether fashionable till after the leave taking. A knock was heard at the door, the rich blood died away from the cheek of the bride; we, the bride's maids, trembled and turned pale from sympathy, and three nervous, frightened looking objects we were as we emerged from our dressing room.

Old mother Bell's parlor was crowded to suffocation. There was a confused mass of caps and turbans, ringlets and flowers. The minister made a very affecting prayer, I presume, for our loving friend, the milliner, put her handkerchief to her eyes with considerable unction, and poor grandmother Bell began to cry in real earnest. There was a pulling off of gloves, a clasping of hands, something said about somebody's being husband and wife, and then we were blessed with seats, without one of us, I verily believe, exactly realizing what had passed. A reasonable quantity of cake and wine was consumed, more than a usual quantity of gloves and bridal favors distributed, and the next morning Mr. and Mrs. Bradley stepped into the carriage which had excited so much commotion, and every window in the village was garnished with the human face divine, as they departed for the splendid house which had been prepared for their reception in that most pleasant of all locations, New Haven.

E P I T H A L A M I U M .

I SAW two barks their fasts unmoor,
 One summer's sunny day,
 And as they gaily left the shore,
 Was heard this roundelay.

I.

We're bound upon the sea,
 A favoring tide is flowing,
 Our snowy canvass courts the breeze,
 So freshly round us blowing !

II.

Our good barks speed along—
 A brilliant sky bends o'er us,
 And far along our shining track,
 The bright waves flash before us.

III.

Should storm and tempest come,
 And shroud in gloom the weather,
 Nor wind nor wave our barks shall part—
 We'll nearer sail together !

Like those two barks, upon life's tide
 Hast thou and thine set sail ;
 As gaily o'er it mayst thou glide—
 Borne by as fair a gale.

As sunbeams round those banks were rife,
 And sparkling was the sea,
 So bright throughout thy voyage of life
 May all the passage be.

But should the tempest's darkling wing
 Sweep wildly through thy sky,
 May it but serve thy hearts to bring
 In closer sympathy !

C. P. I.

GRENVILLE MELLÉN.

'Poeta nascitur, non fit.'

No maxim would appear more generally to obtain credence, than that which attributes the power of poetical combination to some intuitive principle of the mind—some gift of nature, or of nature's God, which enables its fortunate possessor to 'give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name.' True poetry—that which adorns, or ennobles its subject is undoubtedly 'Heaven descended'; so thought Milton when he invoked Urania to 'descend from heaven' to aid him in his design

—'To assert eternal Providence
And justify the ways of God to man.'

Nor are hundreds of instances wanting to prove the general truth of this doctrine. Many of the sweetest bards have been the most unlettered, and to Poetry alone does it belong to enrich us with any thing like a new idea.

What indeed should we be, were it not for the benign influence of that Divine art, which in all ages of the world, has proved how much we are the creatures of sympathy.—How strangely the web of the monarch is interwoven with that of his meanest subjects. That art which has done more to keep alive all that is holy in man, than the rest of the sister arts combined.

But we are digressing too far—and risk making the ground-work of our fiction too large, seeing it is our intention to attempt only a single portrait of one of our highly gifted sons. The name of Mellen already stands engraved on the scroll, where the genius of America has been proud to place those of *Halleck* and of *Bryant*—and although we cannot hope through humble means to add one leaf to the chaplet which decks his brow, yet the intuitive love we have for the art in which he excels, creates an ambition that will not be satisfied without a record of our testimony in his favor.

Were we to be called upon to give in a very few words the characteristics which distinguish the muse of Mellen, we should say they were those of *purity* and *strength*—while by awarding the possession of these high attainments, we would not be understood to deny to him, many of those enspiriting and inspiring touches which make such 'willing sport' with the human affections—for while his name is before us, we think (to use his own soul-stirring language,)

'We hear a music welling from the fount
Of starry genius—and our spirits mount
To meet it in mid air—we feel we thrill
With the old inspirations till they fill
Our hearts and eyes—and fancies wander by
Such as alone are born of Poetry!'

We could go on and make quotation after quotation to prove, that though a scholar, Mellen was born a poet—that his mind not only receives every poetical idea with a glowing fervor, but that it is in itself poetical—decorating and ennobling each thought that is born within it—whether brought forth by

dwelling upon the beauties of animated nature, or from those higher and more exalted principles, which elevate the soul into the regions of philosophy and religion.

'The Light of Letters' from which we have made the above quotation is full of classic beauty, and his 'Martyr's Triumph' breathes the very spirit of piety. What can be a more truly poetic description of scenery than the following sketch taken from his 'Fragment.'

The clouds are leaving earth ; behold them rise
Like loitering lovers when in sad surprise
Young light has broke upon their fond delay,
And morning shames them from their dreams away !
See how they lift them from their mountain breast,
To sail in beauty round their home of rest ;
While the green summits bursting on the skies,
Catch the first greeting of those golden dyes ;
Till bathed at last in one warm flood of rays
They issue blushing from the cold embrace !
The deep hued air is motionless around
Sea knows no heaving and the earth no sound
Ascending fragrance crowns each quivering hill
The flowers breathe odour and the dews stand still !
How eloquently deep such praises !
The land an Altar, and the offering there
The spirits splendors with its powers unfurled
While a calm incense steals from all the world.

Our limits will not permit us to extend our quotations, else should we delight to adorn it with some of the *many gems*, which glitter through his text—suffice it, therefore, that we close this trifling tribute to a muse which has only to be known to be beloved and honored, by declaring our firm conviction, that while classic taste—while purity of thought and elegance of diction shall be admired, and breathing piety be venerated, the name of Mellen will continue to occupy a conspicuous place, in every record, which shall transmit to ages the now admitted truism, that America has in infancy, produced many proofs of poetic genius, which must ever redound to her honor, and serve to add no inconsiderable evidence to confirm the spirit of the quotation with which we commenced,

'Poeta nascitur, non fit.'

The following beautiful stanzas are from the Manuscript of a *NEW POEM* by our author, nearly ready for the press.

I.

When from the portals of his Eden home
Its farewell glory fell on stricken man,
And the rebuking voice that bade him roam,
Thenceforth o'er earth a wanderer, began,
How look'd he backward on the golden gate
While his heart quak'd at that first stern command,
That doom'd him to the dust—the child of fate—
An outcast from his flowery, fadeless land—
The land that knew not sorrow—and where eyes
Gleam'd ever without tears—the lights of Paradise !

I I.

How look'd he backward, as the whispery breeze,
That shook his veiling hair, and fann'd his brow,
Made melancholy music with the trees,
Whose flickering shadows fell not round him now—
How look'd he, as each stirr'd leaf seem'd to tell
Himself and idol that around him clung,
The story of a far and faint farewell,
As with an eloquent and tuneful tongue—
The farewell of green Nature, from her bower
Chanted upon the winds—at evening's mellow hour!

I I I.

'The world was all before them, where to choose'—
Behind, the cherubim their meteor blade,
Like rainbow, with its quick and traceless hues
About the Tree of Life incessant play'd—
But oh! what memories were lifting there,
From the upheaving ocean of the past,
As backward gaz'd in tears the exil'd pair,
And fears with hopes come blended free and fast—
A blight had gather'd on creation's page,
And though that veiling cloud began their pilgrimage!

I V.

The path was wildering. The rose's bloom
Was mingled with decay—the thorn with flowers—
The earth had solitudes that seem'd a tomb,
And torturing sadness linger'd with the hours;
Each step with new regret reluctant fell,
That bore them from that beautiful repose,
Which yesterday they found by wood and well,
Where ceaseless incense from the Garden rose,
And a still worship hallow'd all the air,
Where flowerets and deep forest bow'd—as if in prayer!

V.

But vain was sorrow. The unchanging word
Had pass'd on man—the record of the sky,
As everlasting as the stars, was heard,
Proclaim'd above creation—*Ye shall die!*
The sentence was borne back from mount and wave,
And Nature, in a lofty sympathy,
Felt the unfathom'd Future but a grave,
And, from that morning murmur'd—*ye shall die!*
—No change is on the spirit of that doom—
The destiny of earth is downward—and the tomb!

* * * * *

PHILOSOPHY AND POETRY.

THE comparative merits of these two sciences, may be tested by the relative values of Reason and Imagination, since on these faculties, according to BACON, they respectively depend. *Reason* is the noblest attribute of man, the God-like endowment of the soul, which designates him 'Lord of the Creation.' The degree in which he is endowed with this excelling quality, determines his station in society, and the proportion of respect and honor, which will be paid him by his fellows. As he cultivates his Reason, stores his mind with learning, and aims at the full developement of the powers his Maker has given him, so does he rise in the scale of being, and become more and more assimilated to the author of his existence, who in might is omnipotent, in knowledge is omniscient, in judgment is all-wise.

Such then is the subject to which Philosophy lays claim—this is the field of her labors, the mine from which she extracts the rich ore, concealed in its recesses. She teaches man to look within, and examine the nature of his faculties, search for the limits of reason, and investigate the phenomena of mind. She thus acquaints him with his own powers—discovers to his gaze the internal springs of action—enables him to read the characters of others as though written in a book, and thereby empowers him to sway the passions, and control the acts of men, verifying the proverb that 'knowledge is power.'

POETRY, as we have seen, depends upon the *Imagination*, a faculty, which however beautiful in itself, however delightful in its application, is not like Reason, essential to the happiness or usefulness of man. It cannot, unassisted, raise him from the level of his race, and enable him to sway whole nations by his nod. While history discloses to us many—the greatest, and the best—many who have proved themselves, wisest in council and bravest in valor—most energetic in determination, and most prompt in execution—most patriotic in feeling and most useful in action, whose distinguishing trait was a sound judgment and who could scarcely boast a spark of Imagination.

Let us take a glance at the history of Philosophy, and we will find, that it is the history of Human Reason. We first discover it existing among the early nations of the East, but so enveloped in religion, so perverted by superstition that its character is indistinctly marked, and its effect barely perceptible. But with SOCRATES we behold it appearing in a new light, accompanied by a spirit of sincere enquiry, and earnest reflection, and gradually assuming, and deserving, 'a local habitation and a name.' We may trace it onward through the schools of PLATO, ARISTOTLE and ZENO, and mark the salutary influence it exercised even in its infancy. Destitute of the light of Revelation, with nought but reason to guide their steps—misled by ignorance—blinded by superstition—prejudiced in favor of the tenets of heathenism; we see Philosophy taking them by the hand—leading them from the paths of error—dissipating the clouds, that obscured their vision, and displaying to their view in their true light, those immutable truths and eternal principles which belong

to the immortality of man. That which had before but appeared dimly in the distance, which had flitted like a shadow across the mind without shape or certainty, Philosophy now brought clearly before them, conspicuous as the sun in the noon-day. Mark the effect upon their characters. Before lax in their morals and dissipated in their habits—we see a change effected as thorough in extent as it was sudden in appearance. We find them actuated by purer motives, influenced by more lofty views, and engaged in more honorable pursuits. Sagacious in reasoning, magnanimous in feeling, and generous in action, they lived philanthropists and died philosophers, and have left behind them names deserving our respect, examples worthy our imitation.

It is unnecessary to continue its history through modern times, or to descant upon the immensity of the good which has resulted to the world from the labors of GROTIUS and CUDWORTH—WOLLASTON and PALEY—BACON and LOCKE, and the galaxy of talent, worth and genius which followed in their train. Suffice it that as philosophy has progressed, so has the character of man—constituting as it does the study of the mind, it will keep mutual pace with the developement of its powers. It is a science capable of indefinite advancement, for, from each fresh improvement in the arts, each new discovery in nature, each progressive step in knowledge generally, it draws some deduction, elicits some truths which tend to bring it gradually to the confines of perfection. ‘So vast,’ observes BULWER, ‘is the *mind* of man, so various his faculties, so boundless the range of observation to feed and elicit his powers, that if we had lived from the birth of the world till now, we could not have compassed a millioneth part of that which our capacities, trained to the utmost, would enable us to grasp. It requires an eternity to develope all the elements of the soul.’

Yet notwithstanding such is the character of Philosophy, many may be found who will argue the superior excellence, and greater usefulness of Poetry, and denounce those as destitute of fancy and devoid of feeling who maintain the opposite. These generally will be found to have cultivated their imaginations rather than their reason, and to prefer to indulge in delightful day-dreams and delicious reveries, to the investigation of questions demanding patient attention and requiring the exercise of judgment. They forgot in their admiration of Poetry as an art, the abuses to which it has been prostituted, the depraved passions to which it has ministered, and the incalculable mischief and evil it has occasioned. Dazzled with the brilliancy of the genius of BYRON, they proceed from admiration of his works to do homage to their author, and almost bow in admiration at the shrine of one, who ‘as he advanced in age receded from virtue and grew more wicked with less temptation.’——

It is the province of POETRY to amuse, that of PHILOSOPHY to instruct. In the sunshine of life, when its path is smooth and flowery, Poetry may lend new fragrance to the roses which bloom along its banks, but when the storm of adversity has swept its course, and the leaves are scattered by its blast, and the odour, tainted by its breath, Poetry will aid but little to blunt the sharpness of the thorn. Philosophy on the other hand never shines

more brightly than at such a period. She teaches man to bear with equanimity the reverses of fortune, and under her careful tuition,

‘Reason guides the helm, while Passion blows the gale.’

The Philosopher accustomed to continual thought, and intimately acquainted with the workings of the mind, readily fathoms the motives which actuate the conduct of mankind. Ever on the alert to discover primary causes, to investigate first principles, he proceeds from admiration of the creature to adoration of the Creator and is thus led ‘from nature up to nature’s God.’

Thus proving herself the ally of religion, confirming, as she does, the truths of revelation tending in all things to produce justness of principle and propriety of life. PHILOSOPHY approves herself to our judgment. Let those who maintain the superior usefulness of Poetry, remember and ponder upon the words of JOHNSON. ‘*He who would govern his actions by the laws of virtue, must regulate his thoughts by those of Reason.*’

NEMO.

DIRGE FOR FELICIA HEMANS.

THEY hovered around her an angel band.

They listened her notes to hear,
The voice was one of their own bright land;
But stained was the harp in their sister’s hand
With marks of the falling tear.

They saw she had wreathed it with deathless flowers,
While many a beauteous leaf
That looked like the growth of their heavenly bowers,
Was pale with the shade of her darksome hours,
Or wet with the dew of grief.

Then gently from under her hand they took
Her harp, and laid it aside.
The tremulous chords at her parting look
And the farewell sweep of her fingers, shook,
And snapped as her numbers died.

The angels had whispered of joys above,
And wooed her with them to soar,
Till spreading her wings like a peaceful dove,
Her spirit arose for a world of love,
To wander on earth no more.

BRITANNIA, drop thy heaviest tear!
O, weep! it will be forgiven
That fain we had kept in her bondage here
A soul so pure, and a voice so dear,
Had longer withheld from heaven.

H. F. G.

Newburyport, Mass.

A VISIT TO THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

BY WILLIAM COMSTOCK.

My grandfather was a sturdy farmer of Rhode Island. 'T is long since he took his axe on his broad shoulder, and departed from his father's house in Smithfield, to hew himself a home in the bosom of Gloucester Forest. He was one of those iron men that are always to be found in new and unsettled countries. His strength was remarkable, and his courage like the torrent which cannot be turned back. My father was a truant lad, and left the old gentleman early in life, to push his fortune amid the throng of cities. Of course I had but little opportunity to become acquainted with the customs and opinions of my ancestors. But even in my childhood's years, I frequently listened to the tales of olden time, as narrated by my father on a winter evening to his young and rapidly increasing family. I loved to visit B——, as the place was called, where my aged grandfather still wielded his scythe, and 'drove his team ahead'; for the miracles of chivalry would hardly have been more intensely interesting to my boyish mind, than were the relations of my grandfather's achievements in the wilds of B——. But I never had an opportunity of seeing that remarkable man. He died while I was still a boy, and left a considerable farm to my father. My uncles and aunts, who had settled in the neighborhood of B——, were already apportioned, and in comfortable circumstances. They pursued the calling of their progenitors, but my father's attention was engrossed by very different matters. He had gone out from among them—had formed acquaintances in the busy world, and was engaged in mercantile business in the city of New York. If I was sent, occasionally, to a boarding school in the vicinity, I had little chance of learning how the genuine farmer lived and appeared—for in the half-fashionable inhabitants who dwell on the highly cultivated lands, that environ a large sea-port, you will seek in vain for the genuine simplicity of the back-woodsman. But I thought I had seen the country and country people. I had formed no correct idea of ultra rusticity. As I grew up, I thought less and less about the history of my Rhode Island ancestors. I occasionally heard my father speak of his farm in B——, and the difficulty of procuring a proper tenant for it, but gave myself little concern about the matter. On one occasion, my sister accompanied my father on a visit to his farm, and when she returned home, she had much to say about the hearty welcome, and the earnest hospitality which had been extended to her by our relatives in that quarter. I was not long in perceiving that my father was the favorite of the family, and that his rustic brothers and sisters were both pleased and flattered whenever he called upon them. The pressing invitations which we received were seldom accepted by any member of our family, owing to the great distance from New York to B——; and as the inhabitants of the latter place seldom left home, there was but little correspondence

between us. But after I had reached my twenty second year, I resolved to pay a visit to the old nest in which my father was nurtured. I had never seen any of my relatives who lived in that quarter, and scarcely knew their names: therefore I took advantage of the circumstance to visit them incog. It was an afternoon in midsummer when the stage set me down at a public house, within two miles of the deserted habitation of my late grandfather. Wild and dark and rocky were the woods and thickets that I passed on my way to the old farm. The rude dwellings and the ruder inhabitants struck me with surprise. Indeed I scarcely met a traveller; and if, perchance, I saw a rustic leaning over a stone wall and gazing intently at me, his garments, his attitude, and his whole air were so different from every thing that I had before seen, that I could scarcely persuade myself he was not a foreigner from some barbarous clime. I was also astonished at the profusion of berries, grapes, and other fruits which appeared to grow for the public good, as they were scarcely honored with an enclosure. A wonderful silence reigned on every side of me—a silence only broken by the varied notes of countless birds, or the distant shout of some rustic which seemed to have floated on the air for some miles before it reached my ear. At length, I turned into a road, which the foot of man or beast seldom pressed, and before me stood the four tall trees which had been pointed out to me at the village as the distinguished mark of the old homestead. The old house was before me—the house in which my father was born, and my grandfather reared his family. The spirit of desolation breathed audibly around its antique gables, the empty crib, the broken gates, and fallen stone walls. Long grass was waving in the door yard—the turtle had fearlessly left the brook to sun himself on the door stone. A rusty padlock secured the door. I raised one of the windows, and sprang into the largest room on the first floor. As my feet struck the naked boards, the empty chambers rang from the garret to the cellar. I saw at a glance that the old building had not been inhabited for several years. There were piles of rubbish in the corners of the rooms, and many a rude scrawl on the walls and doors evinced the impunity with which the house of my grandfather could be desecrated. I ascended the stairs. At every step, I saw something to admire in the grotesque architecture, and the native manner in which symmetry had been made to yield to convenience.

I left the house, and sauntered into the garden. Tall weeds, blackberry vines, mustard, and other wild herbage had completely overrun it. A fine apple orchard next invited my presence. The trees were loaded with every variety of this fruit, and I crushed many of the most delicious specimens under foot as I traversed the shady enclosure in which they had grown. I clambered over the wall, and a large pasture was spread out before me. The surface was varied and uneven. Clumps of large trees, forming nooks impenetrably shaded; murmuring rivulets, and cascades—large rocks on which climbed grape and other vines—rendered the scene truly romantic. The eye could sweep a considerable extent of country, but not a solitary human being was in sight. A large white house, of more modern construction than that which I had just visited stood on a knoll, about half a mile distant. As I strolled farther down the pasture, it was soon hidden from my

view by the underwood. I had walked a considerable distance, before I came to a watering place. A large umbrageous tree stood on the side of a low verdant precipice, and completely shaded a little hollow, which was so much hidden by shrubbery, that I should not have discovered it but for the sound of running water. In this cool spot a long trough was placed, and the water continually flowed into it, through a reed which had been inserted near the roots of the large tree. I felt certain that this was my grandfather's work and could not avoid reflecting how often the old man had sat in this shady recess, and quaffed the pellucid stream. Now, how deserted! how lonely was this delectable spot! And here I sat in the midst of my father's grounds, a stranger—with the dwellings of my relatives on every side of me. As I arose and began to ascend from this cool retreat, I imagined that I saw something in motion, by the side of a distant stone wall. I walked rapidly in that direction, and in a few minutes was able to make out the proportions of a man. He observed me, and after gazing a moment, he slowly approached. As we drew near each other, I was surprised at the gigantic height of his person—the size of his hands and feet, and the heavy mould of his features. He appeared to be about my own age: but his dress was certainly arrayed with a most philosophical disregard of appearances. He grew more shy, as we met, and I spoke first.

'Good afternoon, neighbor. I have been looking at this farm.'

His looks reproved me for the freedom of my address, and his suspicious glances showed how prone those are to mistrust strangers, who are partially cut off from communication with their kind.

'Yes, a very good farm,' he drawled out. 'But it's all going to wreck for want of attention.'

'Does no person hold it in charge?'

'Yes, we have charge of it—but it's as much as we can do to mow it and take care of the apples, and keep stragglers off the premises.'

'Surely,' said I, 'It can do no harm for a man, now and then, to walk over the grounds.'

'Sartain. But the niggers have been known to come down in the night and snake off large bags of apples.'

'Could you not sell the farm?'

'It aint ours to sell. I belongs to uncle Nathan, who is a merchant in the city of New York.'

'Why does he not place some person on it?'

'He has had people on it—but when they have a heavy rent to pay, they must be up late and 'arly to make a living off of it. Since Hawkins had it, it has never been cultivated to advantage.'

'Then the owner is your uncle, friend?'

'They say so,' said he rather coolly.

'Then what may I call your name?'

'My father was poor, and could not afford me one,' said he, turning off.

I saw that my cousin was fast settling into a sulky fit; and as I had not yet done with him, I felt the necessity of winning more of his confidence. So I laughed at his *joke* in a manner highly complimentary to his wit, and quickly added—'Well, you are right. I ought to have told you my name

first. I am called Andrew Johnson, and belong to Providence. I have come out here to get a mouthful of fresh air.'

He unbent a little from his stateliness, and asked me where I put up.

'At the village,' replied I. 'But have you a draught of small beer at the house? I am very dry. I will pay you for a pint of home-brewed.'

'We do n't sell beer,' said he—'but I am going to the house. How does charcoal sell in Providence now?'

'I never deal in the article.'

We walked along together, keeping up a desultory discourse; but I observed that my cousin's replies were always short and evasive. We reached the large white house, which I have mentioned, and I was ushered into the kitchen. My aunt was in the act of scolding mine honored uncle for some omission in his household affairs. The good man took it very patiently. He sat facing the door, leaning forward in his chair and revolving his thumbs, one over the other. As he raised his head, upon my entrance, I was struck by the resemblance which his features bore to those of my father—but exposure to the elements and hard labor had embrowned his countenance, and chiselled several deep wrinkles on his cheek. As my cousin did not introduce me, I introduced myself. I was asked to be seated, and I soon discovered that my uncle had no objection to a little gossip. A mug of cider was offered me, and several other little civilities which the churlish welcome of my cousin had hardly given me any reason to expect. The good wife had set the table, and it groaned beneath such substantial food as would have frightened a Grahamite out of his senses. After resting myself, I arose to depart. My easy uncle told me that if I would stop and eat with them, I should be welcome—but the frown on the brow of my thrifty aunt boded that the welcome would be all on one side. Nevertheless, I drew a chair and sat down. My aunt looked knives and forks at me, but my uncle encouraged me to defy all opposition. A girl came gliding into the room, before we had finished our repast. She was dressed in plain factory cloth, and not remarkably handsome. I was not long in discovering that she was my cousin Ellen. A younger girl soon followed her into the kitchen. This was her younger sister Almira. Although not beautiful, Almira was lovely. Her form was light and airy, and the expression of her countenance peculiarly soft and amiable. The two girls soon began talking of a party which they intended giving soon. Their father made some observations about the noise and confusion attending these assemblies of the young, and the girls removed his scruples by saying that they were going to sweep up and garnish 'uncle Nathan's old house,' for the purpose. I smiled covertly, and determined to procure an invitation to the party, if possible. For this purpose, I offered some civilities to my elder cousin. But I failed utterly in my attempts to gain her good will. I afterwards learned that she regarded me as a penniless traveller who had called at her father's house, for the purpose of sponging a meal out of them. Although his wife's incivility had wrought no change in the manner of my uncle toward me, yet I could perceive that the disdain of the elder daughter was not without its effect upon the plain farmer. When I departed, I was not asked to call again, and the answer to my farewell was scarcely audible. I retired to the village. In the tavern where I put up, were several youths

who had received intelligence of my cousin's party, and I soon perceived, by their remarks, that an invitation was sometimes dispensed with. This was an important piece of intelligence to me, and I resolved to present myself to the queen of the revels on the succeeding evening. I waited impatiently until the appointed hour, and then left the village, and walked over the same ground which has already been described. But the roads were not now so desolate. A horse occasionally trotted by me, loaded with a youth and his female partner. At one time, the rumbling of a chaise was heard; and merry voices in the neighboring fields betokened that the young rustics were hastening, from every point of the compass, to my father's dilapidated farmhouse. As I walked slowly, however, these sounds had died away in the distance before I came in sight of the place of meeting. The first glance told me that the party had assembled. The windows were brilliantly lighted and I could see forms gliding within, and hear the sound of singing and other merriment. I took the liberty to look into one of the windows before I entered the house. I scarcely recognized my female cousins in the altered garb which they had assumed. All the simplicity of their attire had vanished. Their gowns were silk and a profusion of false ringlets shaded their joyous brows. The rooms were thronged with youths of both sexes, well dressed and full of animation. I had scarcely seated myself before a certain play was commenced—a novelty to me, but very common in the country. As many of the company as can find room stand up and take hold of hands, by which a large ring is formed. Two or three are placed in the centre of the circle, and the rest whirl around them and sing a fragment of a song. As they conclude, those in the centre choose partners from the ring. I watched the play a few moments, and then entered the ring. I was soon chosen by my younger cousin, who chanced at that time to be in the centre. I inflicted the customary salute upon her lips, and took my stand in the middle of the ring. I was now an object of attention, and I could perceive whispers going round the circle. At the same time, my cousin Ellen looked sharply at me, and shook her head contemptuously when a youth had done whispering in her ear. I pretended to be insensible to the observation which I elicited; and as the circle whirled around me, seized the hand of Ellen rather ardently and drew her into the centre. She resisted my attempt to salute her—the circle stood still, and there was much whispering. Suddenly the ring broke up, and something like a bustle ensued. Every eye was directed to me. I could read an expression of fierce resentment in the eyes of the young men who conversed with Ellen; while the gentle Almira appeared to be endeavoring to still the rising storm. At length a pompous young rustic approached the spot where I stood.

‘Stranger,’ said he, ‘May be you haint received no invite to this party?’

Every sound was hushed and the whole company held their breaths in expectation of my reply.

‘Is it necessary to receive an invitation?’ inquired I.

‘Not for us that lives around here, and knows each other,’ said Ellen advancing boldly, ‘but we don’t fix up and provide for anybody that has a mind to come, and that nobody knows.’

Almira was standing opposite to me. Our eyes met, and she colored to

the temples. 'But, young lady, I have been at your house,' said I. 'You have seen me before, and your brother Alfred knows my name.'

Every eye was turned toward my gigantic cousin, who now came forward with a patronizing air, and said—'I don't know as the young man will do any harm here. He seems to be very civil spoken, and I guess we had better let him stay.'

'No—no—no stragglers!' cried several voices.

'You ought to be ashamed to come into another person's house, and make so free,' said my cousin Ellen.

'Is it your house?' asked I, with great simplicity.

A sudden cry which burst from the lips of Almira arrested our conversation. She had found a handkerchief on the floor, and being desirous of discovering to whom it belonged, a name delicately worked in one corner had attracted her notice. One glance told me that I was betrayed; for the handkerchief was mine. There she sat pale as the unbrushed snow, her mouth slightly ajar, and her eyes riveted on my countenance, while her hands held the handkerchief in the same position as when she first discovered my name.

'What ails the girl!' cried Ellen hastily approaching her, and jerking the handkerchief from her hand. She glanced over it for a moment, and dropped it as if it had been the tail of a burning comet.

'This can't be—is this'—gasped she—

'Yes, cousin, my name is — —.'

'How! what!' cried Alfred striding nearer, and glaring in my face.

Almira first recovered from the shock, and rising, hastily approached me, and with a sweet smile, took my hand, and if she did not offer a kiss, she gave ample evidence that she expected one. By this time the company had all shrunk, like timid mice, to their chairs and to the walls. I begged them to proceed—but after Ellen had introduced me in form to the whole assembly, with a tremulous voice and a blushing cheek, the party broke up. My cousins were profuse in their compliments, and they escorted me to their home—but before half the distance had been travelled, we were met by my uncle and the rest of his family who had been left at home—they had rushed bareheaded from the house on receiving intelligence by a courier extraordinary of my arrival among them. My poor aunt made many excuses, and brought out her currant wine and other delicacies. The morning light had dawned before any of the family thought of retiring to rest, and the circle broke up with a hearty laugh at the idea of Ellen's turning me out of my father's house.

S O L I T U D E .

 BY GEO. W. LIGHT.

No pleasure in the calm and peaceful hours,
 When the delusive streams of worldly joy
 Afair have flown ?
 No pleasure in the lofty emerald bowers,
 Where nature's melody breaks forth—the wide
 Green woods—alone ?

It is not so. The soul may there expand,
 And feel, in melancholy's wild retreats,
 A joy that, when
 It leaves the heart, brings not an icy hand
 To sweep its feeble strings, and quick destroy
 Its rest again.

Ay—when I wander in the lonely grove
 And bathe me in the blue and silent lake,
 I there can feel
 That blessed charm come o'er my breast, and prove
 A healing balm—and in my troubled heart
 Peace calmly steal.

And though my tears oft mingle with the dew
 That on the morning's fresh and blooming flowers
 Pearl-like both dwell,
 Light dissipates my gloom ; a brilliant hue,
 A rainbow arch, gleams over pleasure's grave ;
 And some can tell

Of joy more soothing to the weary soul,
 Or leaving bright sunset-traces, when
 Itself has fled :
 Oh, that to me, when I shall reach my goal,
 That glorious light may find its way again
 Among the dead !

MY UNCLE BEN'S WIG.

HA! ha! even now I laugh to think of it. My brother Barnaby, reader—stand up Barnaby, a little more than three feet high, and about as broad as you are tall—white head and grey eyes. Sit down Barnaby. Although you are not quite so prepossessing in your external appearance as some I might mention, still you are what is of much more consequence in the eyes of a well enlightened community, as good hearted a fellow as ever lived. My brother Barnaby was the veriest sancho of a fellow that ever existed. Now if you understand by sancho anything more than a very expert and *original* rogue, and an innocent one withal, you have a very erroneous idea of Barnaby. I know there was nothing malicious in his roguery—expert he must have been; and I think I can prove to you beyond a doubt, he was well entitled to the appellation of original. In the originality of his expeditions, I venture to assert, he was second to no ‘master spirit’ of any College Club. The truth is the fellow was *really* in his element when in the atmosphere of roguery. Let him start for some sport, and as the jockey said of his horse, when you place him at the foot of a hill, ‘he’s *there*.’ Let me tell you of a little trick of his, by which, he set the family in commotion the very night before he left the paternal mansion for the walls of old Bowdoin.

And you shall learn that it requires no little premeditation and skill in execution to plan and carry out an exquisite, yet practical joke. It was a sage remark of Barnaby’s, and one upon the principle of which he ever acted throughout the memorable years of his college course—he who has not the wit to plan a good scrape, nor the requisite agility to perpetrate skillfully an old one, should always be found out and suffer disgrace for his pains. Barnaby is quite silent to-day for him. He has a knowing look and I mark that cunning expression of the whole phiz. I am not mistaken in its indications. There’s something ‘brewing.’ And now the evening is drawing to its close; he seems unusually tired and proposes that we go to bed. ‘Lay still Barnaby; you always want to be in some mischief. It’s a desperate undertaking. I’ll have nothing to do with it.’ ‘Ase,’ (my name is Asaph) ‘Ase like, by jingo—as usual. You like the honey,’ as Cy Gregy says, ‘but a thundering bit will you help to take the hive. You always want a loophole.’ He knew me well. I always liked the excitement of a little sport, neither had I any objection to giving my humble assistance—but I liked a loophole, more especially when I was with such a devil-dare of a fellow as Barnaby. And this loophole I always had by giving him on every such proposal this precious bit of advice: ‘Keep still Barnaby; it’s a desperate undertaking. I’ll have nothing to do with it.’ And if perchance we should ever be found out, for I always yielded, I could bring this to his recollection. But Barnaby was unusually impatient and ere the last words had escaped his lips he had started to carry into execution his ‘desperate undertaking.’

My uncle Ben, Lieutenant Benjamin Thurlow if you are acquainted with him—for he held a commission in 18—. My uncle Ben had been a resident

at my father's house for eight years or thereabouts. He was the perfect model of a love-cracked, theoretical, woman-hating old bachelor. To be sure, when it was once hinted to him by Miss Judith Lufkin, who made an ineffectual attempt *vi et armis* to take possession of his affections, and failing thereof injured the old gentleman's feelings by retailing the scandal of common report, he plumply denied it. He did not hesitate to say, that he bore no particular liking, but on the whole rather a dislike to the fair sex. But why was it? Ah! here's the rub. As my uncle alleged, not because they had ever done him any harm, for he blessed his stars that he had always withstood their witchery—but because the intriguing Lady M——, here he would put himself in the position of a soldier, was the means of drawing of his captain to parley with the enemy, thereby depriving him of his commission and injuring his reputation dearer to soldiers even than the 'choicest gold.'

But actions tell the secrets of the heart after all, not always words. Mark that man of sixty-five. In theory,—and practice with him confirms to theory—he has little to do with the daughters of Eve. Do you ever hear him speak of them except in terms of disparagement? See how shy he appears in their presence. But now he is giving a bit of candy to that little girl—an orange to that little boy. Mark that man, reader, I say. He's been disappointed, poor fellow, in his younger days, you may depend upon it. It's a 'touching story of wrongs'—go to him—hear it and if you have tears, prepare to shed them there. But I'm digressing. My uncle Ben for all this was a favorite. In personal appearance he was rather prepossessing. You might call him, I speak on the authority of my aunt Mixe, handsome for a man of his years. And his large old-style grey wig was exceedingly becoming. But, have much to do with the lasses, he would not. It was well known that this Miss Lufkin's attack on my uncle Ben was not entered upon without due premeditation on her part and the preliminary understanding with his more immediate friends.

It was thought that Miss Lufkin would be a suitable person to mollify and sweeten the thousand and one ills which flesh is heir too in the downhill of life. For who felt such an affection for him as Miss Judith Lufkin? It was for this reason that my father on a day once, and but once, entered into a conversation with him on this all absorbing subject. He wished to learn my uncle's views on this matter and by the way of another suggest to Miss Lufkin her points of attack and defence. My worthy father labored in vain. With little effect did he quote from the Lieutenant's favorite text book, *Tristram Shandy*, and plead with his brother to recollect how happy was uncle Toby in the love of widow Wadman. But the Lieutenant would reply in bar, it was not certain whether uncle Toby was happy or not—the point could not be determined, for might he not have entered into the business as his brother said he (uncle Toby) did into a *corps*, and having once entered, 'no matter whether he loves the service or not, being once in it, he acts as if he did, and takes every step to show himself a man of prowess.' But what in the name of nature has all this to do with my uncle Ben's wig. It gives you a much better insight into the character of the old gentleman than you could possibly have by reading his obituary. And how could you

have imagined that the embarrassing situation in which the Lieutenant must have found himself on a certain occasion, of which I am about to make mention, without knowing something of his character. It would have been impossible. Miss Pillgree, my mother's third cousin by close calculation, was paying us the second three-weeks visit for the season. I assure you Miss Pillgree had no wish to hold special communication with uncle Benjamin.

True, she was not so many years my uncle's junior that she need have shown the deepest crimson had he been discovered to be peculiarly attentive to her. But then their characters were the exact antipodes. In vain had Barnaby and myself essayed to bring them into close 'confab.' Leave them alone, you could not. In answer to any enquiry of the Lieutenant's should should you beg leave to refer him to Miss Mirzy Pillgree, as being a lady who possessed very accurate information on that topic—the question would remain unanswered. In a word, like certain chemical substances, every attempt to bring them into conversation but showed the more conclusively both to the experimentalist and audience—that they possessed within themselves inherent powers of repulsion. The Lieutenant would hand to her her reticule by request. He would even pick up her kerchief and return it with the graceful air of an ex-officer to its fair owner. More than the monosyllables *no* and *yes* he would say—if it could not well be avoided. But when he had done all this, he had gone to his farthest limits. But Barnaby had resolved to create a surprise and make one more attempt to bring them into conversation, though it might prove for the twentieth time ineffectual.

It was a warm night in June. The Lieutenant occupied a room on the third floor—the room of Miss Pillgree was on the second. Now it was well known to Barnaby that my uncle always removed his wig ere he laid his head on his pillow and deposited it for its more careful keeping on the left hand post of his short-post bed-stead. Still, never was my uncle seen from his room without his wig. Let him be called from his room upon ever so sudden an emergency (and after he had retired) while rising, his right hand was uniformly extended for his wig, and ere he was cleverly in end, it was well adjusted on his venerable head. Now Barnaby, who is ever upon the look out, had heard Miss Pillgree remark to my mother, that owing to excessive heat upon a certain evening she put her cap upon the bed post and did not put it on until she thought she was about falling asleep. I have said it was a warm evening in June. It occurred to Barnaby that Miss Pillgree might very possibly pursue the same course on this memorable night. 'I then,' said he, 'am going into uncle Benjamin's chamber and get his wig and if I can, I am a going to get into Miss Pillgree's chamber. If her cap is upon the bed-post I shall take it, put the wig in its room and give the cap the place of the wig and,' he burst into a roar of laughter as he mentioned the consequences, 'if marm's cousin Mirzy moves to put on her cap, there'll be sport. There will be sport in the morning at any rate.' My part was to do all I could to cover his retreat if discovered, and as usual attest to anything, in honor, to clear him. 'Lay still Barnaby; you always want to be in some mischief. It's a desperate undertaking. I'll have nothing to do with it.' But Barnaby had gone. He was gone full three quarters of an hour and I had about given him up as detected by my uncle Ben or Miss Pillgree and

handed over in his fit of somnambulism to his father, for, as he afterwards told me, he had resolved, in case of being 'grabb'd,' to occasion them a severe tussle in awaking him—when he jumped into bed with that peculiar heart-felt chuckle of his by which I knew that the project had succeeded. 'I think,' said he, 'we shall hear from them presently.' Sure enough he had scarcely stretched himself in bed, when that abrupt shriek which you at once recognize as the alarm of a fair one broke upon our listening ear.

I was on the point of hastening to the rescue. 'Hold!' said Barnaby in a whisper, 'we must be the last there.' We listened. It was repeated. Immediately we heard the door of our parent's room open, and in a moment after the hurried yet regular step of the Lieutenant. We were close in the wake and a very short space of time could have elapsed ere father, mother—uncle Ben, Barnaby and myself stood, nerved for consequences, by the bedside of the affrighted Miss Pillgree. My mother had been calm enough to bring with her her nursery-lamp, and the servant girl had joined us, who held in her hand a re-lighted night lamp.

'A man!' screamed Miss Pillgree.

'Where?' replied my father with his deep-toned voice.

'Under the bed,' answered Miss Pillgree.

'Under the bed,' re-echoed my mother.

My father disappeared for the place designated while Barnaby and myself stood trembling with suppressed laughter in the midst of the remaining agitated group. In a half second he re-appeared and held up, to our unutterable astonishment,

MY UNCLE BEN'S WIG!!

We involuntarily turned to uncle Ben.

'Oh horrors!' exclaimed Miss Pillgree, 'he has got on

MY NIGHT CAP!!'

In an instant the Lieutenant had taken his supposed wig from his head. He held it extended before his eyes. Yes! it was a nightcap! Miss Pillgree had fallen back upon her pillow. The Lieutenant stood the perfect picture of astonishment mingled with indignation. It was but for a minute. We soon heard his solemn protestations. Upon his honor as a soldier, it was the first time he ever entered the chamber of Miss Pillgree, when he entered it with my father and mother. He called for an explanation. 'Could Miss Pillgree explain?' but he began to grow confused. Barnaby had crowded his fist into his mouth to keep his laughter within due bounds. I had followed suit, while my mother stood with upraised hands and open mouth. My father saw the joke, but it was no time to explain. He turned away that he might recover his gravity. He was the first to recover himself, and immediately accompanied my uncle to his chamber, while my mother with the assistance of the help was applying the restoratives and endeavoring to bind up the wounds which Miss Pillgree thought her reputation would receive, though she should be proved to have been an innocent creature throughout the whole transaction. Mystery of mysteries! A special family meeting was held the next morning at breakfast. It all seemed to be enveloped in complete mystery. There was no clue to the riddle. The account of it, as

far as known by Miss Pillgree, was given by her in few words. That, as usual on warm nights, she hung her cap on her bed post with the intention of putting it on ere she fell asleep. That she was just getting into a *drowse*, to the best of her recollection, when she reached out for a cap. She thought she felt a man's head. What followed we know. The Lieutenant's version was no less concise. He thinks the shriek must have aroused him from a sound sleep. As usual he seized what he thought to be his wig, and as soon as possible came down to learn the cause of the tumult. He would only add that it was the first time he ever entered the chamber of Miss Mirzy Pillgree. And he fearlessly called upon Miss Pillgree to say if she thought his intentions towards her were any otherwise than honorable. In answer, she replied that my uncle—the Lieutenant had ever borne himself towards her as a gentleman and an officer.' She was sure that no blame could rest upon him. Here she was observed to look very affectionately towards my uncle, who returned the compliment with most graceful inclination of the head, as much as to say, it will be remembered. My father and mother declared their belief of their entire innocence. It was evidently the trick of some one, but still there was a mystery.

'Asaph,' said my father turning to me, 'was you engaged in this business.'

'Sir,' I replied, 'I was not out of my room from the time I entered it at ten o'clock, till I stood with you by the bed side of Miss Pillgree, between eleven and twelve I think it was.'

'Do you know anything about Barnaby's?'—

'He left in the mail stage at four o'clock this morning. Let him speak for himself, father.'

My father wished it to be understood that this was a family affair and he hoped no one would mention it out of the house. Shortly after, I wrote Barnaby an account of the sequel of the transaction as he requested. And I took occasion to remark, that Lieutenant Benjamin Thurlow had been seen not only in 'confab,' but had actually waited upon Miss Mirzy Pillgree when going on a visit to Dea. Jeremiah Slocum's, the most astonishing thing which had happened within the recollection of the oldest inhabitants! By the way, I enquired of him how it was he was gone so much longer that night than I could have reasonably expected? In his answer he replied, 'why in the first place I found uncle Ben wide awake and I had to go plaguy cautious in getting the wig and returning with the cap. As luck would have it, I found Miss Pillgree fast asleep, as I learnt to a certainty by the 'sound sonorous.' So I had to make a second trip to her room and go to work to wake her just enough to put on her cap and not be aware that anything unusual had disturbed her sweet slumbers. This was deuced delicate work, Ase, I tell you, and took me half an hour at least. But did n't I succeed to a charm, hey?'

'Benjamin, my son, where have you been?'

'Over to see great aunt Mirzy Thurlow.'

'Did I ever tell you the story of your uncle's courtship and marriage?'

'No sir.'

'Well, sometime when I'm at leisure I'll tell it to you.'

C. S. F.

‘FATHER, FORGIVE THEM.’

BY J. N. M’JILTON.

BEFORE the gazing multitude
 The holy Jesus hung ;
 The blood was on him, impious hands
 From his pure heart had wrung.
 Upon his lacerated breast
 Had fallen his bleeding head ;
 He raised it up in agony—
 And with his sweet voice,—said,
 ‘ Father, forgive them.’

The wretch that nailed him to the cross
 With the reviler stood ;
 And cried out, ‘ he could save himself
 Were he the son of God.’
 The Saviour saw the sneer, and from
 His death-like stupor woke ;
 And looking on the murderers,
 In deep compassion spoke
 ‘ Father, forgive them.’

The God-like sufferer said, ‘ I thirst,’
 And answering to his call,
 They gave him vinegar to drink
 And hyssop mixed with gall.
 He looked in pity on the throng,
 That sported with his pain ;
 And lifting up his eyes to heaven,
 He faintly said, again—
 ‘ Father, forgive them.’

The death-pang passed upon his heart,
 His feeble nature fell ;
 But up his God-like spirit soared,
 Up where the holy dwell.
 The lips that told his love, now wore
 The lividness of death ;
 They smiled, as if the prayer had passed
 With his expiring breath,
 ‘ Father, forgive them.’

He hath ascended up on high,
 And now doth stand alone ;
 To intercede for guilty souls
 Before his father's throne.
 Proud scoffer, kneel and ask his love ;
 It flows—a boundless sea,
 The prayer he lifted from the cross
 May yet avail for thee,
 ' Father, forgive them.'

PHILOSOPHICAL MUSINGS.

I V.

TRANSMIGRATION OF MATTER.

THE doctrine of Transmigration is a good doctrine ; I am myself a living witness of its truth, having passed through above a thousand of these transmigrations in the period of my existence. The last of these was from a vegetable to an animal state, by which I became a component part of a human brain. Never before was I in so exalted a station. I have floated as the zephyr, I have glistened as a dew-drop, I have had the beauty of the flower, the vision of the human eye ; but never before have I had the *thinking power* of the human brain. Never before have I had consciousness of existence, or memory, of the past. I could indeed perceive and feel, but perceptions and feelings endured only with the cause that produced them, nor gave rise to a farther thought. But since I entered upon my new state, all is changed. I can reflect as well as feel, and observe the past and the future with no less ease than the present. I shall not attempt to explain the philosophy of the change, nor how I can now remember events that occurred when memory was not a part of my nature. It is enough for me to know that I have that power ; and that I do have it, is evident—else how could I relate those events, as I am about to do ?—

O that memory of the past ! I seem to live over again at once the whole period of my existence ; so thickly do its scenes, and events, and impressions crowd upon me. It would be in vain to attempt a relation of them all. A few of the most striking will suffice.

I was at first a breathing zephyr in the garden of Paradise. Here I floated delightfully over the fields and groves, and wandered among the flowers, giving the motion of life to things inanimate, and refreshing by my cooling influence the gentle plants and the reposing beasts. Sometimes I gave my support to the starry birds of that clime ; sometimes I gently bore the descending dew-drop to its chosen flower, or received it departing, and raised it to the upper regions, where the clouds were lightly resting on my bosom ;—sometimes I hovered around those two glorious creatures, who presided in that fair empire, fanning the flushed cheek, playing with the loose ringlets,

kissing the delicate fingers ; or tuning myself to harmony, filled their souls with the joyous sounds of animated nature, and the more soothing tones of my own gentle murmurings.

I was one day hovering around a beautiful plant, when suddenly I felt myself absorbed by it. There was a moment of darkness. When it was gone, I found myself a flower in a beautiful recess of the garden. I was soon noticed by the Princess of that realm of nature, and from that moment became her constant care. Often would she hang over me with tenderness, and gaze long and ardently on her chosen flower. But this did not continue. Suddenly my form seemed to sink, my beauty began to fade, and weakness pervaded my frame. My mistress visited me once more, but how changed ! Sorrow was on her countenance, and the tears fell from her cheeks. She bent mournfully over me, and viewed the change I had undergone, but with more of grief than surprise. She stood a few moments in silence, and then with a new burst of sorrow exclaimed,—‘Must I thus leave thee, Paradise !’

There followed changes, some that I may not tell, others that I need not.

A fountain was leaping forth from a mountain declivity. I became of its waters—on we rushed exultingly in the light of day. The rivulet became a river—it passed to the ocean. I was poured into the infinite depths, and joined the commingling waters. Sometimes I roamed alone, in the solitariness of a multitude, from shore to shore of the expanded surface, or through the caves and around the monsters of the hidden depths. Sometimes one spirit would move through our multitude, and swelling with consentaneous emotion, whilst the winds were spurring and lashing us into foam, we tossed and raged and rushed in fury ; and would have leaped our barrier, and raced wildly over the creation, but for the fiat of the Creator ;—‘Thus far—no farther !’ And that fiat *was* once suspended. We were raging in our might, and tossing in curbed fury against that barrier, when we felt it no more ; we were free ; and breaking wildly away, we rushed rampant over the earth, and revelled in mad liberty. We swept the plains—foamed over the cragged mountains, and poured into the enclosed vallies. The mountains bent beneath our weight—the plains were changed—earth trembled to its centre. Rocks and trees and the structures of man fled affrighted from our path, or floated like feathers on our boiling surface. But soon Omnipotence recalled us, and set our bounds forever. We became as we had been—giving our tranquil bosoms as a way for man to pass over, or engulphing his pride in our depths, and affording the joy of existence to myriads of living things. One, yet divided, we wandered commingling, through height and depth, and from shore to shore.

Once as the sun was looking down in his power, I was lying at the surface in his beams. Suddenly I felt a lightening and expansion of being ; buoyant I sprang away from my fellow waters, and soared to the ether above. This was liberty—this was greatness. Borne on the wings of the winds, I floated gloriously abroad over the extended earth, with no little, confining limits of home, for my home was the whole expanse of the heavens. I looked down upon spreading plains and swelling hills. Glittering cities, gloomy forests, and the ocean’s wide water, from which I had risen, were far, far beneath me. Even the aspiring birds scarcely attained to my eleva-

tion; and then they were quickly drawn back to their native earth. But mine was a tireless wing, a ceaseless flight. Nor was I alone here; for what is there in the wide realm of nature that has not its fellow? Many a companion of my existence in the world of waters was with me in airy regions. Now in one associated company we journeyed on our way, and darkened the earth as we passed; and now we floated apart in a various course, or rested motionless on the sleeping air, while the earth smiled brightly beneath us. Sometimes we marched to mimic battle, with the gloom and the flash and the sound of war. With frowning brow and massive force, we mingled in opposing array. The arrowy lightnings tore our bosoms, and the air shook with the roar of the thunder; whilst nations were terrified by our sport. The children of the sun and earth, both gave us support and received our homage. When the former smiled on us with his inspiring beams, we soared buoyantly upward to acknowledge his paternal regard. When he withheld his influence, we reposed our weariness on the lap of the earth, and with filial care spread our refreshing dews over its varied surface. The latter gave us our material structure; the former breathed into us the breath of life. The parents of our existence were also the authors of our dissolution. When the solar influence fell too strongly upon us, we were dissolved, and absorbed by the surrounding air; or if it failed, we fell to the earth and became of the tribes of terrestrial being.

Thus I passed through changes of animate and inanimate existence. But enough has been told. What man has speculated upon, I have been; what he has dimly guessed at, I have felt; and I have seen the folly of human wisdom. While he declares the conditions of the universe, and lays down laws for its movements, he cannot tell the nature of one particle that he beholds. The system of existences is to his mental vision, as that of the planetary worlds to his bodily eye. He beheld their situation and revolutions, but all else is conjecture.

E. D. J.

EXTRACT FROM THE 'HOPES OF FAITH,'

A MS. Poem, by ISAAC C. PRAY, JR.—Editor of the Boston Pearl.

MAN is a pilgrim to Eternity—
 Yet bound unto the paths and home of Time,
 He wishes oft from this life's cares to flee—
 From persecution, sickness, want and crime,
 And all the ills that throng the world's abyme—
 Oft shuns life's benefits! although he feels
 The wings of proud Ambition, ere his prime,
 Grow in his heart, yet, thoughtless slave, he kneels
 To the unholy shrines the Demon's hand reveals.

Man heeds not as he ought the gifts of life—
 With pride, he seeks, indeed, a curse to find,
 And mingles passion, prejudice and strife
 To dim and mar the mirror of his mind.
 Of all the scenes mid which his path may wind,
 He seems most pleased to seek the gloomiest—
 He calls his nature cruel more than kind,
 And when he looks at objects deemed the best,
 A fault he oft discerns that makes his joys unblessed.

Why look we not upon the beautiful?
 Why scan the world through mediums impure,
 Or viewing visions foul, their rankness cull
 And make it for our minds the cynosure?
 Why in our walks permit vile gold to lure,
 When we can in the mount, and vale, and flood
 Espy the hand of God, as fixed and sure
 As on that morn when new and freshly stood
 His firm creations forth, and he pronounced them good.

O let us look at Nature—Aye for her
 In each of her great forests there are strung
 A thousand instruments, which oft will stir
 With loud-toned melody—as though 't were flung
 From harps—each chording with a giant's tongue!
 The sea, too, hath its music—strong and wild
 Where dash the foaming waves the clouds among,
 Or like the whispering of a little child
 When roll its wreaths upon the shore with Summer mild

The plants have glories, Simple as they are
 They lend such influence to the human mind
 That each to earth is as to heaven a star!
 They teach frail man life's safest course to find—
 And e'en lend vision to the wandering blind.
 Why gaze afar, O Man, from clime to clime,
 For wisdom's wealth—when here the earth is kind,
 And at your feet there lie the gems of time,
 Those glorious gifts of God—the lowliest, yet sublime!

The sky hath language. He who reads aright
 May bear such lessons to his inmost soul,
 As will not fail him when the sceptic's Night
 With her dark train doth round the great world roll,
 Striving to sway him with a strong control.
 Each star shall be a talisman to him,
 Or if he dwell on earth or seek the shoal
 Of time to shun, to be with cherubim—
 Each star shall be a guide whose light no cause can dim.

OUTLINE OF PHILOSOPHY.*

WE know nothing of the character of the previous numbers of these 'Scientific Tracts,' but from a note on page 65 we learn that their laudable design is to aid in self-education. The title itself, would lead naturally to the inference that the knowledge communicated by them is to be of a scientific character; as full and accurate as the present state of science will permit, and as the wants of the community demand. Their literary execution ought, then, to be at least respectable. 'In this number,' say the Editors, 'all the various branches of knowledge are defined and briefly explained'—and it is issued as an introduction to the series, in which all these various branches are to be discussed more at large. To all who are educating themselves it is important that such a work should be well executed, and to all such the Editors are responsible.

'The classification of Philosophy, or human knowledge'—is the subject of this treatise. On page 45 we are informed that this task has never before been performed. When an author claims to have executed a work which none of his predecessors have attempted, he naturally draws the attention of those interested in the progress of knowledge to the result of his labors; and he challenges the admiration and criticism of all. The proposed subject demands, for its successful execution, more comprehensiveness of mind and extent of information than any other to which the attention of man can be directed. *A scientific classification of human knowledge*—what a boundless field does the mere utterance of the phrase open to our view. Man in all his relations—science in all its departments—nature in all its modifications are to be examined and arranged. The relations of one science to another, and of each science to all others, of art to art, of mind to matter, of man to man, and of man to his Maker, are each and all to be duly arranged, to be brought into a complete system, where all the parts shall be accurately adjusted, and the relative importance of each exactly estimated. A synoptical arrangement of all that all men now know, or ever have known—and an arrangement, too, made on such principles that all which man ever will know may harmonize with the system. To the completion of such a work what mind is adequate! He, who would do it, must be able to grasp the principles of all science and all art, philosophy and history, must be as familiar as language to a prattler, he must be able clearly to see, and accurately to describe the points of junction of one science with another, and the precise lines of separation. Only a philosopher, in the truest and largest signification of that word, could succeed in such an attempt. Pre-eminently must he be endowed with the two mightiest powers of the human intellect, those of abstraction and analysis. He who should achieve the work would rear to his memory the proudest monument which the human intellect can construct. It would

* SCIENTIFIC TRACTS.—Vol. I, No. 2. Third Series. OUTLINE OF PHILOSOPHY. By Lieutenant ROSWELL PARK. Boston: LIGHT & STEARNS.

be the central point of all knowledge, for, in it would all knowledge be embraced, and the relative value of every kind would there be estimated. But one, who, with attainments, should attempt the work, would only signalize his failure by the disproportion of the project to the execution. A pigmy could more easily construct a pyramid, than such a person succeed in such a mighty enterprise. The nature of the case, and some historical facts which we shall introduce before the close of the article, prove that our ideas of this subject are not exaggerated. Such is the work which in this tract is attempted.

An authorised expectation in regard to a treatise upon such a subject is—that the style should be clear and the literary execution at least respectable. That the definitions should be exact is also as absolutely essential to the completion of the design, as that the blocks of granite for an edifice be accurately adjusted to one another. If a harmonious arrangement of different sciences and arts is to be given, the limits of each science and art must be perspicuously stated. To an examination of the success of the author in this particular, and to miscellaneous criticism, we propose to give some attention, before discussing the main design of this treatise. We may thus obtain a preliminary judgment of the probable fitness of the author for his work.

On the first page of this tract (page 41 of the series) we read, ‘mind and matter, *active* or *passive* form the subjects of all our ideas. * * The *elements* of knowledge must be learned from the book of nature, from which all our simple or primitive ideas are *necessarily* derived.’ Has, now, any one an idea of *passive mind*—is not activity essential to our idea of spirit? Of what idea is passive mind the subject? He has also definitely decided a question still mooted among metaphysicians—viz. whether all our ideas *be* derived from sensation, for through the senses alone can we learn what the *book of nature* teaches. Here, then, is an absolute error, and an assumption of a debateable point. In the next sentence (p. 42,) the important fact is announced that books are of human production. And in the sentence following that, the reason why books of Philosophy have accumulated, is said to be, *because many natural objects are beyond our reach*. The largest proportion of *philosophical* books treat of metaphysical science. And are abstractions, speculations, etc., *natural objects*? Books of travel and geographies give us most of the information we have respecting natural objects beyond our reach, and these are not properly books of philosophy. On p. 56 we are told that ‘Bacon’s *Novum Organon* dissipated the ancient Logic.’ B’s. *Nov. Org.* no more dissipated the ancient Logic, than does a man dissipate his neighbor when he turns him from a profligate to a moral life. Bacon corrected the *abuse* of that logic, but the logic itself still lives. Upon this ‘dissipated logic,’ the author has a pertinent observation. ‘Its study—teaches us to correct our own errors.’ p. 46. p. 44, ‘We first perceive two distinct empires of Bibliography; one *imaginative*—the other *logical*.’ This division is evidently meant to exhaust all knowledge—to include all books. All that is not imaginative is therefore logical. If Mrs. Child’s book on ‘House-keeping’ be not an *imaginative*, it is a *logical* production. The ‘logical empire’ he makes to embrace ‘deep literature, science and the arts.’ But who ever before thought that anatomy, acoustics and optics were logical sciences; or that agriculture,

manufactures, masonry, saddlery, shoemaking, bread-baking and farriery were logical arts? Are stocking-weavers and house-carpenters logicians? And what is the signification of deep literature? Does it include metaphysics? How deep must literature become before it is metaphysics? How deep must a bed of clay be before it becomes a mass of granite? Or does our author retreat to the etymology of his word, and say that literature means primitively whatever is committed to writing: we say, in that case literature is synonymous with Bibliography—that is, one of the subdivisions is equal to the whole of the thing divided; and if the adjective ‘deep’ conveys any additional idea, the subdivision will include more than the original stock he was to divide. The subsequent comparison is as worthy of notice in a literary, as is this specimen of his analytical powers in a logical point of view. ‘The empire of fiction and the empire of fact, [they] unite in the temperate zone, and their *extremes* diverge to the torrid and frigid zones of philosophy.’ The *extremes* diverge. We always thought that the divergence had ceased when we came to the extremes.

We now come upon the definitions. He arranges all human knowledge into departments and subdivisions, to each of which he gives a name, followed by a brief explanation. We do not dispute the right of any person who is undertaking some unheard-of project, who is proposing a more accurate analysis of knowledge than the one in current use, to invent new names;—but we may justly ask that those names be appropriate. And further, if a word is, by good authority restricted in its import, no author has a right to enlarge it for his own purposes, any more than a trader has a right to call one cent ten cents. P. 46—‘All the branches may be arranged in twelve departments, four of which belong to Literature, four to Science and four to the Arts.’ Under literature, he includes such subjects as mythology, international law, chronology, and *logic*. We should think that literature, according to his idea, was made of India rubber. If we were to personify it, we should say it is omnivorous. By a previous division which we have noticed, he made deep literature a subdivision of logic—and here he makes logic a subdivision of literature. If, as some think, all natural objects have something spiritual corresponding with them, here is a correspondence with the two snakes, of whom we once read, who laid hold of each other’s tails, and ate and ate until both were eaten up. Same page, ‘The department of Bibliotics, comprises those branches which are *accessary* or *preparatory* to the study of books in general, including psychology, grammar, bibliography.’ The word ‘bibliotics,’ by which this department is designated, might as well include every book in the world, and be a title for the whole tree, as be restricted to its use in this place. Is psychology *necessary* or *accessary* to the study of books in general? The science of mind is generally considered among the most difficult of studies, though phrenology, to which our author pays especial respect, may have simplified it, so that all who have eyes may learn in, at the most, a short course of lectures, the whole true theory of mind. We have always thought that some of the facts of natural history were more instructive to the young mind than an analysis of the mental powers: and have never before been aware that logic was a preliminary or an *accessary* study to the science of arithmetic, which is perched somewhere

at the top of the tree. Bibliography has been already defined by common usage, 'a history or description of books.' Our author forces it to include a whole course of literature. We have twice before had occasion to notice his use of the word literature, and now he puts us in a strange predicament. Literature on one page embraces logic, logic on another embraces literature; and now he makes bibliography a subdivision, as he tells us, of literature, to include a whole course of literature. That is, a subdivision of a subdivision of literature, includes literature, which itself embraces logic, while at the same time logic embraces literature. We know of nothing to which this can be compared in any of the departments of knowledge, whether 'bibliotics,' 'geotics,' 'periphysics,' or 'Cosmics.'

'Perichronics' treats of the past, including all history. 'History' itself he restricts to 'civil history.' Suppose I wish to classify a work on the history of music. This evidently relates to something past. The restriction of the word history prevents me from getting it on that branch of the tree; in no other subdivision of *perichronics* can it be put: neither is there a branch, not even a twig of his whole tree on which such a subject could roost. P. 48, *civil law* is opposed to *criminal law*, yet no where is the latter introduced into this classification of all knowledge. Many a criminal will rejoice that *criminal law* forms no part of a complete system of Philosophy. P. 49, Geography is said to include the statistics of different nations, which subject, if the classification were really scientific, would much more appropriately come under history or perichronics. If a school geography is to be the basis of a scientific classification, our author is undoubtedly correct. 'The location of animals 'also belongs to geography.' Why not architecture too? Houses are at least stationary. Topography generally means the description of a place. The definition here given is 'the location of animals, plants and all natural objects.'

When our author on the same page, says, that 'Chemistry resolves the properties of all material substances into their simple element, and recombines them in innumerable forms, by the aid of light, heat, &c.'—does he mean that Chemistry, aided by light, heat, &c., does this? if so, it is as absurd as if I should say, that architecture, aided by tools, constructs a building. Is he using a figure of speech, putting Chemistry for the Chemist? Moliere's Bourgeois Gentilhomme talked *prose* without knowing it: thus does our author make figures of speech. A defining Dictionary, is as unsuitable a place for figures of speech, as the Supreme Court of the United States for a stump speech. Or does he mean that the mode, in which this resolving and recombination of substances is effected, is taught by Chemistry—then is Chemistry put for instruction in Chemistry; and the sense, or non-sense, is—'that instruction in Chemistry, which instruction is aided by light, heat, &c., teaches us how to resolve the properties of all material bodies into their simple elements, &c.; 'thus,' as the author, by way of practical instruction, proceeds to observe, 'subserving important purposes in all the practical pursuits of life.'

Throughout these definitions we think it will be found, that the word to be defined is used in two senses, one for each of the succeeding clauses!

1. As signifying the science or art itself—2, in a figurative sense, the science

or art put for the person who makes use of this science or art. As an imitation of this method, we propose the following definition. '*Saddlery* relates to the making of saddles, and cuts the leather and cloth and sews these into saddles.' In application to the first member of this sentence, saddlery means the art itself, but in reference to the second clause it can only mean the saddle. Thus our author, 'Physiology investigates the uses and functions of these organs which Anatomy describes, and has been greatly aided by experiments on various animals.' If we were to interpret this definition by the aid of any other principle than that we have above developed, we think the sentence would seem to imply that the physiology of animals is not properly included in physiology. Therapeutics, in medical science, has a definite application to the remedies for diseases. Properly, then, it is a subdivision, or at any rate a synonyme for medicine. Yet medicine is a subdivision of Therapeutics, according to Scientific Tracts, vol. I, No, 2, p. 50. That is, the part is equal to the whole; and after the whole is thus filled up, Anatomy, physiology and surgery are stuffed in. Painting, on p. 55, is said to include an engraving: so might Sicily Maderia wine be made a subdivision of Champagne. By what principle does painting absorb engraving? By the same that a little Island would be made a subdivision of a great one. 'Sculpture embodies the ideal forms of the poet, novelist and historian.' The *ideal* forms of the *historian*. The statue of Washington embodies, then, an ideal form, as much as the statue of Apollo. P. 50, 'Zoology describes all animals which are known to the Naturalist,

'Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see.'

How can that be described which no eye can see? And of what class, species or order are those animals 'known to the Naturalist' which no eye can see? And what Naturalist knows and has described these animals? p. 54. We are here informed that Agriculture treats of the tilling of the ground and the *raising of domestic animals*.' And this is a *scientific* arrangement. The etymology of the word agriculture is faithfully given—i. e.—the culture of a field. The culture of a field, then, treats of the raising of domestic animals. A family which has raised a dog and a cat is therefore an agricultural family. Why not also include the raising of children? This has a much closer affinity to the raising of animals, than the raising of animals has to the tilling of the ground.

We next encounter the department of 'Polemics.' As the author is a *Lieutenant*, we will not intrude upon his peculiar province, any further than to say, that he has completely perverted the authorised signification of the word 'polemics.' But we presume that theologians will be glad, that a word which has hitherto been rather invidiously applied to disputes theological, has now been transferred to a more martial service. P. 56. 'All these branches of knowledge originated in the necessities, the ambition or the luxury of mankind.' If any one at the first reading of this sentence should be critically disposed, we beg a suspension of his judgment until he hears, that the author makes *luxury* to include the *love of learning*. And if we grant this to be a correct definition of luxury, and also use learning in its most general acceptation, we see not but that the proposition holds good. 'Gymnastics,' p. 55, includes '*fishing, sailing, riding and driving*.' Both the

coachman and his passengers may hereafter be generically called *gymnics*. Gymnastics, too, is a subdivision of the 'Fine Arts': consequently, our mackerel and cod-fishers, the horse jockey and stage driver, are engaged in the pursuit of the Fine Arts, equally with the sculptor and painter. Rubens, Raphael and Canova, behold your compeers! The cracking whip, and fish-horn are the signs of their profession. 'Touch the off-leader' and 'Here's fresh cod and halibut' are watchwords of the cultivators of the fine arts.

'We have thus endeavored,' continues our author, for his classification ends with this, its greatest feat, 'We have thus endeavored to enumerate all the branches of philosophy, to define their objects, and to arrange them according to their most intimate relations; trusting that the reasons for this arrangement will present themselves to the intelligent reader, &c.' Again—'We offer it' (this classification) 'as the result of much study and reflection.' Such is the concatenation of all the subjects, he further observes, 'that on any one of them, as the basis, we might write an Encyclopedia.' We give him 'Heraldry.' Should he be able, *by book or by crook*, to link all science and art to this subject, would not the structure be like that of an inverted pyramid, with its base in the air? and is the base of the present classification located in that region?

We turn again to the title of the book—'*Scientific Tracts*,'—we look at the tree which forms the Frontispiece; '*Philosophy*' in large letters is at its base; '*Science*,' in capitals, encircles its top. Is it ignorance or pride which has so perverted language? This treatise we have subjected to such an examination, because it is a *scientific tract*, proposing a *scientific classification*. We know not what science means, if such crudities and inaccuracies, such ambiguity and confusion, such perversion of language and incomplete arrangement, can be brought within its sphere. We know not what scientific classification signifies, if the same subject may be shifted round, in one department made a principal, in another a subordinate; or, on a petty stage, he who but just now strutted a king, when the scene shifts, is again brought forward to count one in a motley crowd. We love science enough to say our word against such misnomers.

But are not all these minor faults? Is there not enough of excellence to compensate for these defects? We had rather admire excellencies than scan defects, but we must judge every one by the pretensions he holds out. No author could demand that we should do more than judge him by his own chosen standard. As an enumeration of some of the branches of knowledge, this tract is respectable; as a classification of them it is worthless. In a subsequent number we propose to examine the tree itself, as a *scientific curiosity*. We think we can show that for any useful purpose (except that the picture may be an ornament to a scrap-table) the classification here proposed is utterly inadequate; that subjects run into subjects in inextricable confusion; that the division is entirely arbitrary; and that many subjects, undeniably belonging to human knowledge, can no where be inserted in this *complete compendium of language*, this 'examination of all the branches of Philosophy.' Our preceding criticisms have been only preliminary to this object; we have taken the book in detail, and examined it principally with reference to the clearness of its definitions and the perspicuity of its style.

Especially do we expect to show the emptiness of the implied boast, and the absolute ignorance manifested in the assertion, on p. 45—'That not one of all these Encyclopaedias contains a classification of Philosophy or human knowledge, in all its branches, &c.; nor are we aware that this task has ever been performed in a methodical manner.' Aristotle, Locke and Byron have each given a *general decision*, which our author has not even attempted. D'Alembert and Jeremy Bentham, the former in the *Dictionnaire Encyclopedique*, the latter in an appendix to his *Chrestomathia*, have each carried the subject out in detail. Dugald Stewart in the *Introduction* to his '*Dissertation on the progress of Metaphysical, Ethical and Political Philosophy*' has a long discussion of D'Alembert's plan. Any Encyclopedia under the article, D'Alembert, gives enough information to make such an assertion unwarrantable. Accompanying this examination of our author, we shall introduce some remarks upon the various attempts which have been made to form a classification of all knowledge, and the different principles upon which the respective plans have proceeded.

Y. N.

THE HERO.

BY MRS. JANE E. LOCKE.

How went he forth ; that mighty mansion's lord ?
 With helmet glittering, and with buckled sword ?
 His strong arm nerved and bound with brazen shield,
 All girt and garnished for the 'tented field ?'
 Moving upon his steed with stately bound,
 As gathering hosts sent forth the martial sound ?
 With glory's dream to blunt the sting of death,
 Or to return entwined with victory's wreath ?

How went he forth ? amid the honored throng,
 Receiving adulation loud and long ?
 The laurel fresh and green upon his brow,
 Beside him the bent knee, and the homaged bow,
 While multitudes to touch his garments pressed,
 As he with immortality were blest ?

Went he forth firm in the broad heated glow
 Of manhood's noon, and unrestrained the flow
 Of his thick locks, unblanched their lustrous dye,
 Nor dimmed the brilliance of his fervid eye ?
 Spent not e'en then the vigor of his youth,
 His heart unladen, free his spirit's truth ?

Went he forth thus as it were all his own,
 This glorious world, fashioned for him alone?
 Its gorgeous things, its beauty and its love,
 Its joys, its hopes, solely for him to prove?—

Ah, no! helpless upon the sable bier,
 They bore him forth with bitter sigh and tear,
 No joyous acclamations met him there,
 No wreath entwined around his clustering hair?
 With no gay pageantry they moved along,
 Most silent he amid a silent throng;
 His scanty locks upon his brow close prest,
 Silvered with creeping age, deep hushed his breast
 In death's dread stillness; his dark brilliant eye,
 Closed but to ope in immortality!
 And thus they bore him on with solemn tread,
 Not to the festive board, but to the dead!
 And there they left him in that drear abode
 Alone with its still tenants and his God.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW; or a Journal of Reflections and Observations made on a Tour in Europe. By the Rev. ORVILLE DEWEY. 2 Vols. 12 mo. New York: HARPER & BROTHERS.

We regard Mr. Dewey as one of the best of American writers. All his productions are characterized by a peculiar strength of thought, and beauty of style, which gives him a high stand in the profession he has adopted. Polished highly, as they are, they still do not bear the impress of a laborious hand, but, on the contrary, an ease and gracefulness of which a few only of our writers are possessed. It is like the smooth and gentle flow of the limpid stream, ever gliding onward uninterrupted in its course. He has a just claim to stand by the side of our Channing and Irving. The tour our author has taken is a beaten path, and had it not been for his high reputation, we could hardly have had the courage to peruse these volumes. We have been amply repaid for the time spent in the interest they possess which never for a moment flags. And here our author has the vantage ground of those who have preceded him. A freshness pervades the whole, which rarely characterizes the works of those who have taken a similar tour. In fine, we agree with a cotemporary in the remark 'that this work will be found the *very best* journal of foreign travel ever published in this country.'

After briefly alluding to his passage across the Atlantic—and this is no small merit, after the long, dull observations of others on this part of their journey—he

breaks forth in the following beautiful strain on setting foot upon the Old World. And this is but one of the many fine strains of reflection in which the author indulges.

'The Old World!—my childhood's dream—my boyhood's wonder—my youth's study—I have read of the wars of grim old kings and barons, as if they were the wars of titans and giants—but now it is reality; for I see the very soil they trod. They came again over those hills and mountains—they fight again—they bleed, they die, they vanish from the earth. Yet other crowds come—the struggling generations pass before me; and antiquity is a presence and a power. It has a 'local habitation.' Its clouded tabernacle is peopled with life. Who says that the earth is cold and dead? It is written all over—its whole broad surface, every travelled path, every wave of ocean—with the story of human affections. Warm, eager life—the life of breathing generations, is folded in its mighty bosom, and sleeps there, but is not dead! Oh! world! world! what hast thou been through the long ages that have gone before us? Ay, what hast thou been? In this vast domain of old time before me, every human heart has been a world of living affections. Every soul that has lived has taken the experience of life, new and fresh, singly and alone, as if no other had ever felt it. Not in palaces only, but in the cottage, has the whole mighty problem of this wonderful humanity been wrought out. Sighings, and tears, and rejoicings, birthday gladness, and bridal joy, and clouding griefs, and death, have been in every dwelling. Gay throngs of youth have entered in, and funeral trains have come forth, at every door. Through millions of hearts on these very shores, has swept the whole mighty procession of human passions. How has it already lengthened out almost to eternity, the brief expanse of time!'

Passing through Wales, whose rich scenery he so beautifully describes, he reaches Dublin. And here we must quote the account of his short interview with the lamented Mrs. Hemans.

'After attending upon the service at the Cathedral, I passed the evening with Mrs. Hemans. The conversation naturally turned upon the scene I had just left, and her part in it was sustained with the utmost poetical enthusiasm. She spoke of the various accompaniments of the service, and when she came to the banners, she said 'they seemed to wave as the music of the anthem rose to the lofty arches.' I ventured here to throw in a little dash of prose—saying that I was afraid that they did not *wave*; that I wished they might, and looked up to see if they did, but could not see it. 'No,' she replied with vivacity, 'wave is not the word—but they thrilled—I am sure of that.' And *that*, it is very likely, something short of 'the vision divine' might see. Such vision, however, this lady undoubtedly possesses. She has the genuine *afflatus*, and those who think its breathings too measured and monotonous, do not consider or read her poetry in the right way. There is nothing dramatic or epic in her best poetry; it is essentially lyrical. And those who attempt to read it by the volume, as much mistake, as if they should undertake to read a book of hymns, or the Psalms of David in that way. In her own chosen walk, Mrs. Hemans has few competitors in Britain, and no equal; and so long as solemn cathedrals, and ancestral halls, and lowly homes remain in England, her song will not die away.

Every thing connected with the once 'Great Unknown,' his residence, burial place, possesses an interest for the admirers of his incomparable writings. From these volumes, we extract the following brief description, &c.

'Abbotsford takes its name from a ford over the Tweed, near at hand, which formerly belonged to the abbots—of some neighboring monastery, I suppose. It is well worth visiting, independently of the associations, which make it what it is—what no other place can be. The structure too—the apartments—the furniture—are altogether in keeping with those associations. Everything is just what you would have it, to commemorate Walter Scott. The building is a beautiful Gothic structure. You will not expect a description from me of what has been already so minutely and so well described. You remember the hall of entrance, with its stained windows, and its walls hung round with ancient armour, coats of mail, shields, swords, helmets—all of them, as an inscription imports, of the 'auld time'; the dining and the drawing rooms; the library and the study; the curiosities of the place—choice paintings, curious old chairs of carved work—the rare cabinet of relics, Rob Roy's musket, pistols from the dread holsters of Claverhouse and Bonaparte—and all surrounded and adorned with oaken wainscoting

and ceilings, the latter very beautifully carved, yet very simple—everything, indeed, wearing the appearance of great dignity and taste: well, I have seen it all—I have seen it! But the study!—before the desk at which he wrote, in the very chair, the throne of power from which he stretched out a sceptre over the world, and over all ages, I sat down—it was enough! I *went* to see the cell of the enchanter—I saw it; and my homage—was silence, till I had ridden miles from that abode of departed genius.

I am tempted here to give you an anecdote, which has been mentioned to me since I came to Europe. An American lady of distinguished intelligence, had the good fortune to meet with Scott frequently in Italy, till she felt emboldened to express to him something of the feeling that she entertained about his works. She told him, that in expressing her gratitude, she felt that she expressed that of millions. She spoke of the relief which he had brought to the heavy and weary days of languor and pain; and said, that no day so dark had ever risen upon her, that it was not brightened by the prospect of reading another of his volumes. And what, now, do you think was his reply? A tear rolled down his cheek: he *said nothing!* Was it not beautiful? For you feel that that tear testified more than selfish gratification; that it was the silent witness of religious gratitude.

I must pass by the well-known and often-described beauty of Melrose Abbey, three miles from Abbotsford, and ask you to go on with me a few miles farther to Dryburgh—the place where ‘the wreck of power’ (intellectual) is laid down to rest. If I were to choose the place of his body’s repose, from all that I have ever seen, it would be this. The extent, antiquity, and beauty of the work; the trees growing within the very walls of the abbey; the luxuriant shrubbery waving from the tops of the walls and from parts of the roof here and there remaining; the ivy, covering over the work of ghastly ruin, and making it graceful—hanging from ‘the rifted arches and shafted windows,’ and weaving festoons from one broken fragment to another; the solemn, umbrageous gloom of the spot; the perpetual sound of a waterfall in the neighboring Tweed—all conspire to make this spot wonderfully romantic; it throws a spell over the mind, such as no other ruin does that I have seen. Conway Castle is more sublime: Melrose Abbey is more beautiful in its well preserved, sculptured remains: but Dryburgh is far more romantic. What place can be so fit to hold the remains of *Walter Scott.*

A visit to the York Minster gives rise to the following just reflections on churches.

‘There is a sanctity and venerableness about many of the English churches, and even those of the humblest order, which nothing but time indeed can give to the churches of our country, but which time will never give to them, unless we learn to build them with more durable materials than wood or brick. There is something in these churches which leads you instinctively to take off your hat when you enter them—a duty, by-the-by, of which your attendant is sure to admonish you, if you fail of it—and I would that the practice were more common than it is among us. The sentiment of reverence for holy places, is certainly gaining ground upon the old Puritan and Presbyterian prejudice on this head, and it must grow with the increasing refinement of the people. But still, there are too many churches, especially in our country towns, which are in a state of shameful disrepair, and of abominable filthiness; and which are constantly trampled under the feet of the multitude, at every election. Indeed, the condition and use, and, I may add, the architecture of a church, cannot fail to have a direct effect upon the sentiment of religious veneration; and I trust the time is to come, when (with reference to this last point) the construction of churches among us will be given into the hands of competent architects, and not left to the crude and ambitious devices of parish committees. It costs no more to build in good proportions, than in bad; and the trifling expense of obtaining a plan from an able architect (not a mere carpenter) is unworthy to have any weight in a matter of such permanent importance to a whole community. The churches of a country are a part of its religious literature. They speak to the people; they convey ideas; they make impressions. The Catholics understand this, and are erecting, I believe, more fine churches in America, in proportion to their numbers, than any other denomination among us.

I confess that if I could build a church in all respects to suit my own taste, I would build it in the solemn and beautiful style of the churches of England, the Gothic style; and I would build it in enduring stone, that it might gather successive generations within its holy walls, that passing centuries might shed their hallowing charm around it, that the children might worship where their fathers had worshipped from age to age, and feel as if the spirits of their fathers still mingled in their holy rites. Nay, more do I say, and further would I go—I am

not speaking, of course, as proposing anything, but only as individually preferring it—but I say for myself that I would place altars in that church, where prayers might be said daily, where daily resort might be had by all whose inclination prompted; so that whosoever passed by might have liberty, at any hour of the day, to turn aside from his business, his occupation, his care, or his leisurely walk—in his sorrow, or his joy, or his anxiety, or his fear, or his desire, and want, and trouble, and temptation, so often besetting the steps of every mortal life—to turn aside, I say, and bow down amid the awful stillness of the sanctuary. Let it not be said, as detracting from the importance of the religious architecture of a country, or as an apology for neglect or irreverence towards churches, that all places are holy—that the universe is the temple of God. It is true, indeed, that the whole frame of nature is a temple for worship, but is it a mean or an unadorned temple? Nay, what a structure is it! and what a glorious adorning is put upon it, to touch the springs of imagination and feeling, and to excite the principle of devotion? What painted or gilded dome is like that arch of blue, 'that swells above us?' What blaze of clustered lamps, or even burning tapers, is like the lamp of day hung in the heavens, or the silent and mysterious lights that burn for ever in the far off depths of the evening sky? And what are the splendid curtains with which the churches of Rome are clothed for festal occasions, to the gorgeous clouds that float around the pavilion of morning, or the tabernacle of the setting sun? And what mighty pavement of tessellated marble can compare with the green valleys, the enamelled plains, the whole variegated, broad, and boundless pavement of this world's surface, on which the mighty congregation of the children of men are standing? What, too, are altars reared by human hands, compared with the everlasting mountains—those altars in the temple of nature; and what incense ever arose from human altars, like the bright and beautiful mountain mists that float around those eternal heights, and then rise above them and are dissolved into the pure and transparent ether—like the last fading shadows of human imperfection, losing themselves in the splendours of heaven? And what voice of the thunder from its cloudy tabernacle on those sublime heights of the creation, when

'Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain height hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers from her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps who call to her aloud?'

And, in fine, what anthem or pean ever rolled from organ or orchestra, or from the voice of a countless multitude, like the dread and deafening roar of ocean, with all its swelling multitude of waves? Yes, the temple of nature is full of inspiration, full of objects that inspire devotion, and so, as far as may be, should our temples of prayer and thanksgiving be made.

To say, as if to detract from the sanctity of religious edifices, that here, after all, is only so much wood, and stone, and mortar, which are nothing but the same mass of materials in any other form, or devoted to any other purpose—why we talk not so of our homes—we talk not so of nature—we talk so of nothing else. It is by mixing up intellectual and spiritual associations with things, and only so, that they have any interest or importance to our minds. Things are nothing but what the mind makes them to be—nothing but by an infusion into them of the intellectual principle of our own nature. The tuft that is shorn from the warrior's plume by the scythe of death, is nothing else, if one pleases so to consider it, but the plumage of a bird. The relic of a sainted martyr—suppose it were a hem of his garment—is, if one pleases so to consider it, nothing else but a piece of cloth that protected him from the winter's cold, or the summer's heat. The place where his broken and lacerated body was laid down to rest, may be accounted common earth; and the mouldering remains of a buried empire, may be accounted common dust. The Palatine hill on which stood the palace of the imperial Cæsars, and which is now covered with its ruins, may be accounted a common hill. But so do we not speak of things, nor think of them.

No, let us yield to that principle of our nature which imparts a portion of its own character to the things around us; which, with a kind of creative power, *makes* times, and seasons, and places to be holy; which gathers a halo of glory and beauty over our native land; which accounts the maxim devoutly true, that 'that is no place like human;' and which hallows 'the place where prayer is wont to be made'—which accounts no place like it—and yet so accounting it, judges that to be a good work, which makes the temples of a nation's worship strong and beautiful, for the use and admiration of successive ages.'

We would gladly quote our author's interview with Wordsworth, but our limits will not admit of it. His reflections on a visit to Stratford on Avon we must quote.

'I have a strange feeling about Shakspeare, that I never heard anybody express. Though he is seated, by the admiration of mankind, upon an inaccessible height, yet there never was a being among the great men of the world, whom I have felt, if he were living, that I could so easily approach, and so familiarly converse with. He impresses me with awe, he fills me with a sort of astonishment, when I read him; yet he draws my love and confidence in such a way, that it seems to me I should not have feared him at all; but could have met him at the corner of the street, or have sat down with him on the first convenient rail of a fence, and talked with him as freely as with my father. What is this? Is it that the truly loftiest genius is imbued and identified, more than any other, with the spirit of our common humanity? Is it that the noblest intellect is ever the most simple, unsophisticated, unpretending, and kindly? Or, is it that Shakspeare's works were a household treasure—his name a household word—from my childhood? It may be, that all of these reasons have had their influence. And yet if I were to state what seems to me to be the chief reasons, I should put down these two words—*unconsciousness*—of which Thomas Carlyle has so nobly written, as one of the traits of genius—*unconsciousness* and *humanity*. He was unconscious of his greatness, and therefore would not have demanded reverence. He was an absolute impersonation of the whole spirit of humanity, and therefore he is, as it were, but a part of one's self.

If anything were wanted to contrast with the nobleness of Shakspeare, it might be found in a horrible act of meanness perpetrated here, which must draw from every visiter to this place, scarcely less than his execration. Shakspeare's house fell, after his death, into the hands of a clergyman—whose name—but let his name perish! This man, being annoyed by the frequent visits of strangers to a mulberry tree before the house, first caused that to be cut down. And then, vexed by the levy of a poor rate upon the house, he angrily declared that it should never pay taxes again, and razed it to the ground!

His description of the Lakes of Lausanne and Geneva are, like all of his descriptions, beautiful—but we can only refer the reader to them. So much has been said of an Italian sky, and the beauty of an Italian sunset, we will quote from our author.

'And amid what a sky were they lifted up yesterday? Where were there ever such depths of splendor in any heaven, as in this of Italy! This is peculiarity. Not that the color is richer than I have seen in American; but that there is a certain splendor with the coloring, a transparency of ether, an illumination opening into the depths profound, that makes the Italian sky—unexpectedly to me, I confess—a wonder and a beauty unequalled, as it is inexpressible. On this point I suppose there could not be a more unprejudiced witness. When I came to see the English sky, I thought it very likely that the enthusiastic admiration of the Italian, which we hear so much about, was English. So much had I persuaded myself of this, that I had ceased to expect anything extraordinary. I was not thinking of anything of the sort, when looking up at the cathedral yesterday, my attention was drawn to those heavens inexpressible, that rose above it; and for an hour or two I saw nothing, thought of nothing else. It was not easy to discriminate: for my emotions came upon me like a deluge. Yet remembering my previous skepticism, I did attempt to inquire, what it was that so moved and entranced me. And I say again, that the peculiarity of the Italian sky does not consist in its color, not certainly as compared with that of America, though to the English it may be the most striking point of difference. Nor was it transparency exactly—at least, not that transparency by which distant objects are more distinctly seen. This is what I have heard said, and it is true that objects are as seen. If you cast your eye to the heavens in the quarter opposite the sun, at ten or eleven o'clock in the morning, though nothing is relieved against it but the most common range of buildings in the street, the definite character of the object, the indentation, as it were, upon the very sky, is something so striking, that you can hardly help pausing in your walk to survey it. But this, after all, is not to me the special and soul-entrancing beauty. It is that transparency rather by which you seem to look *into* the heavens. The sky does not seem to be a mere concave, a sphere; it does not seem to bound your thought, scarcely your vision, but carries them away to illimitable depths, opening to heavens beyond. Was it not something indicative of this peculiarity, that I saw the faint crescent of the waning moon this morning, high up in the sky, almost till midday?

The following remarks on travelling alone we transfer for the benefit of those who may be inclined to travel.

'OCTOBER 24. 'May you die among your kindred!' says the proverb; but if I would frame a good wish, I should be disposed to say, with only less earnestness, 'May you live among your kindred!' Let no one lightly determine to travel in foreign countries *alone*. There is among us a reckless passion for going abroad, concerning which I would, while it forces itself on my mind, and before it is forgotten, in the hoped-for happiness of return, record my *caveat*. I say reckless, for it does not count the cost—it does not apparently suspect the sacrifice it is about to make. In Europe, this is felt *much* more strongly. I do not dissuade from foreign travel, but I would have every one go with his eyes open. I would have him, at least, see as much of the case, and estimate as many of the possibilities of suffering, as he can. But he cannot see or feel all, till it comes. No, let him not suppose that he knows, or can know, what it is to be *alone*, till he has stood in the heart of a mighty city, and felt that not one pulse in it beat to his heart—till he has seated himself in the solitary chamber of his hotel, and amid a thousand voices that issue from the courts, the stairways, and passages, heard not one that spoke his name, or his language—or heard, perhaps, from an adjoining apartment, the familiar sounds of domestic recreation and happiness, but found in it a contrast that increased his loneliness—felt that thin partition expanding itself into mountains and oceans between him and all such joys. Let him not think that he knows what it is to be *alone*, till he has been out into the streets of a strange city, and met thousands, gay and happy in their companionship, but not one that cared for him: or returned, and laid his head, feverish and throbbing, upon his pillow, and felt or feared that he might be sick and die among strangers—or, even if not, if never feeling or fearing this—till flung from the bosom of domestic life, he has been condemned to pass some few evenings of absolute solitude and silence, in that most solitary of all places on earth—a hotel. No, nor let him suppose that he knows what he may have to suffer in a strange land—what both sorrow and solitude may be—till the blow of calamity has found him *alone*—has fallen upon him where there is not one familiar object to lean his heart upon—till he turns his eyes back to some lovely countenance, which he left, in the full glow of health, which he left, with forced gayety, saying, 'I shall come soon again,' and now sees, cold, and pale, and wrapped in the garments of the grave—every fair and sweet lineament of truth, disinterestedness, thoughtfulness, and affection, marked with the rigid lines of death—never more to be seen, not even as it lies in that last sleep, prepared for the tomb—never more to be seen, till the resurrection hour! God send that hour in due time!—for *without* the hope of it, travel, methinks, would be treason to every stronger tie of life.'

We had pencilled several other passages for quotation, but we trust those already given will satisfy our readers that we have not been too enthusiastic in our admiration of Mr. Dewey, as a writer. The fact, too, that this work has already passed to a second edition—and we predict, still another—cannot fail to sustain us. It will be appreciated by all readers of taste.

THE DOCTOR, &c.; two volumes in one. New York: HARPER & BROTHERS.

This is a reprint of an English work, which created a great sensation in the literary circles at the time of its appearance. 'Who is the author of the Doctor?' is a question which may for a long time be asked, without arriving at a satisfactory result. The author, whoever he may be, is a learned man—overmuch, as we might say, for his book abounds in quotations from the old writers in their primitive language, and carries on its very face an appearance of literary affectation. For instance, page after page is occupied with mere headings of chapters, quotations for captions, &c. We infer that these have been huddled together in the American Edition for economy's sake, and that in the original there must have been, after the manner of Sterne, innumerable blanks, dashes, stars, black leaves, &c. Robert Southey is supposed to be the author of the book. It is altogether a strange affair—incomprehensible—a literary curiosity. This latter fact, in connexion with the mystery of its authorship insures a great sale.

'INKLINGS OF ADVENTURE.' This is the title of a new work, by N. P. WILLIS, Esq. recently issued from the New York press. As the work has not yet reached us, we can only give the opinion of another, which we transfer with pleasure to

our pages. It is from the *London Morning Chronicle*, this work having been first published in that city.

'In this interesting production, Mr. Willis exhibits his knowledge of effect in some fine descriptions of American scenery, drawn with those occasional glimpses of a poet's power of illustration, which he so eminently possesses. The work abounds in personal descriptions and adventures; he is extremely successful in subjects which are susceptible of being treated in a picturesque manner; it is here that he gives us a vivid transcript of the impressions of the moment. There is a spirit and ease in his narratives which are extremely interesting; the liveliness of his style carries the reader forward, and keeps up his attention to the end. His curiosity and love of enterprise are unbounded; he envies even the roving Fakeers, because they see the world. We are not surprised to find that the work is becoming extremely popular.'

LAFITTE, the Pirate of the Gulf. A new Novel, with this title, by Prof. Ingraham, author of the 'South West,' has just been issued from the prolific press of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York. The work has not yet reached us. From the last number of the 'Knickerbocker,' we learn that the scene is laid in New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico. Several eminent historical characters are introduced; the *time* in which its action is embraced is short, and includes the battle and siege of New Orleans; and the scenes are laid in the city, during the reign of martial law. It is, we understand, to be dramatised by Miss MEDINA, who has acquired wide repute for talent and skill in dramatic literature. We hope to have it in our power to lay before our readers next month an extended notice of the work.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS. Literary Remains of the late William Hazlitt, by E. L. Bulwer.—Elkswatawa, or the Prophet of the West.—Agnes Serle, by the author of 'The Heiress'.—Madrid in the Year 1835.—Tales of the Woods and Fields.—Memorials of Mrs. Hemans, by H. F. Chorley.—Adventures in the North of Europe, by Edward Landor.—Sir Grenville Temple's 'Travels in Greece and Turkey'.—A Year in Spain, third Edition.—Spain Revisited, second Edition.—Bulwer's Works, Vols. 7 and 8, Harpers' uniform Edition.—Scott's Works, Conner & Cookes, Octavo Edition, seventh and last volume.—Philadelphia Book, compiled by H. T. Tuckerman, Esq.—Russia and the Russians, by Leitch Ritchie.—History of Texas, by David B. Edward.—Traveller's Guide, by Disturnell of New York.—Memoir of Samuel Slater, by George S. White.—Sketches of Switzerland, by Cooper.—Library of Standard Literature, by George Dearborn, volume twelfth, including Byron's third volume.—The Library of American Biography, by Jared Sparks, containing the Life of John Elliott, by Convers Francis.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Several communications are received, among which are—'Obstacles to the Advancement of Literature in the United States.'—'Thoughts on the Characteristics of the Age.'—'Leaves from a Journal of a Cruise among the West India Islands.'—the Manuscript of 'A Traveller.'—Poetic Effusions from Miss Hannah F. Gould, J. N. McJilton, Lieut. Patten, &c., all of which shall receive due attention. Our *promising* friends will please to bear us in mind for the next number.

ERRATA. We regret that we have occasion to use this word, but cannot in conscience let the blame lie at our door entirely. Several errors occurred in our last number, which we must, in self defence, impute to the peculiarity of the writing of some of the manuscripts. We trust that particular attention will be paid to this intimation.